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CARRS LANE CHURCH.



*Birmingham, Eng. churches.
= Carrs Lane Congregational
Church.*

CARRS LANE

HYMN BOOK.

BIRMINGHAM:
ALLDAY LTD., PRINTERS, 128-130, EDMUND STREET.

1908.

783
Co. 4
B619ca
1908

PREFACE.

IT is needful to attach only a very short preface to the collection of hymns included in this book. When necessity arose for the reprinting of "The English Hymn Book," the deacons of Carrs Lane Church decided that the occasion was opportune for the revision of the book. It was felt that there were many hymns which might be left out, without any sense of loss, and that many others might be added which would greatly enrich our public worship.

The work was therefore committed to the care of the Pastor and a small Committee selected from the members of the Church and congregation. I desire to offer grateful acknowledgments to all who have helped me in a somewhat difficult task. More particularly would I mention the services of some of our oldest members, whose long association with the Church has saved me from any sacrilegious suppression of hymns which have become entwined about the minds and hearts of our people. No hymn has been omitted whose omission has not been supported by the almost unanimous vote of the Committee.

It has been thought wise to alter the name of the book, and as there is no intention of offering it for the use of other churches, we have decided to call it "The Carrs Lane Hymn Book." But in altering its name I trust we have not changed its character. As far as possible we have kept in view the aim of Dr. Dale,

expressed in a paragraph which I should like to preserve in the preface of this revised book :—

“I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to insert only those hymns which seem to me to be in harmony with the characteristic type of English piety. The religious life of this country, in its healthiest forms, is distinguished by a certain manly simplicity very alien from the sensuous sentimentalism which has been encouraged by some recent hymn-writers ; even the pathetic hymns of the Middle Ages, and the noble songs of German Protestantism, do not express very naturally the religious thought and emotion of ordinary Englishmen. Our religious life would, indeed, be greatly impoverished if we rejected the aids to devotion supplied by saints of other countries and other times ; but, for myself, I am anxious to preserve the national type both of faith and feeling ; and, therefore, while gratefully availing myself of translations of Greek and Latin and German hymns, when they appeared likely to enrich the worship of English Christians without transforming its character, I have avoided whatever seemed foreign and unfriendly to our traditions and habits.”

I would thankfully recognise the great kindness of the authors who have been asked to allow their hymns to appear in this book. The gracious letters in which they gave their consent will, I cannot doubt, add to the power and inspiration of our worship.

In concluding this brief preface I may again use the words of Dr. Dale : “I have to ask the forgiveness of any authors whose hymns I have used without their permission. In one or two cases I have written for permission, and have received no answer ; in other cases I have not known where to write.”

J. H. JOWETT.

THE VESTRY,
May, 1908.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

L.M.

1

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

KETHX.

2

L.M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command:
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

3

12 10, 12 10, Irregular.

- 1 **0** WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of
holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowli-
ness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.
- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-
fulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as
thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and
fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearful-
ness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our
fear.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him—the Lord is His name.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

4

76, Double.

1 YE children of the Father,
For whom the Son did die,
Close, close around Him gather ;
Ye cannot come too nigh.
Draw near, by Him invited,
Made bold by His own might,
By His own smile delighted,
With His own presence bright.

2 Throw every power and passion
Into each song, each prayer ;
Bring a free, full oblation !
Let all your strength be there !
With utmost rapture greet Him !
Your inmost souls outpour !
Spirit to spirit meet Him ;
Within the veil adore !

3 Thou openest, Lord ! we enter ;
Thou callest ; lo ! we come.
Within the veil we venture,
And find our Lord at home.
Here, nigh to Thee we tarry ;
Here, close we wait on Thee,
And when we go to glory,
'Twill be Thy face to see.

T. H. GILL.

5

- 1 **Y**E people of the Lord draw near,
 In all your dignity divine;
 Before your Father ye appear:
 Beneath your Saviour's smile ye shine.
- 2 He made you priests, He made you kings:
 These robes He wrought, these crowns He
 wove;
 He gave you all these glorious things
 Himself, the great High Priest above.
- 3 Come, gladsome in the robes He wrought!
 Come, glorious with the crowns He wove!
 Ne'er from your high estate be brought—
 Ne'er from His full embrace remove!
- 4 Yield up to no usurping priest,
 One gift that cost the Lord so dear:
 Enjoy the fulness of His feast!
 Make at His table gladsome cheer.
- 5 In all your dignity appear
 While ye show forth its awful price:
 O priests of God, draw near, draw near!
 Make of yourselves sweet sacrifice.
- 6 Your bodies yield, your store present,
 Your souls bestow, your spirits bring.
 All odorous with the incense lent
 By the High Priest's one offering.

T. H. GILL.

6

6666, 4444.

- 1 **Y**E of the Father loved,
 Ye of the Saviour sought,
 Whose sins He hath removed,
 Whose raiment He hath wrought;

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Ye who have known
The Spirit's might;
On whom hath shone
The Spirit's light!

2 Ye people of the Lord
Who in His love abide;
Your treasure do not hoard,
Your gladness do not hide!
Together, bring
Your costly store!
Together, sing!
Together, soar!

3 Glad heart, repeat to heart
The story of thy peace:
Each dear delight impart!
Each dear delight increase!
Thy foes o'erthrown,
Thy sins forgiven,
Thy darkness gone,
Thy fetters riven!

— 4 Tell of that saving hour;
Tell of His smiling face!
Tell of His quickening power;
Tell of His strengthening grace!
Souls loved so well,
Come near! Come near!
O hear and tell!
O tell and hear!

5 In love, together meet;
For joy, together sing;
With mingled voices greet
Each triumph of your King;
The Lord's dear praise
Together, speak;
The Lord's right ways
Together, seek!

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 6 In linkéd praise and prayer
Your heaven on earth begin :
Together, glimpses fair
Of hastening glory win :
From strength to strength
Together, go !
In heaven at length
Together, glow !

T. H. GILL.

7

S.M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
O Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
To us reveals His love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 5 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.
- 7 The sons of God have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

9

C M.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

WARDLAW.

10

C.M.

- 1 **F**ILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
- 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part,—

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 3 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.
- 4 Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.
- 5 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord!
Poor though I be, and weak.
- 6 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.
- 7 So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.
- 8 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. BONAR.

11

C.M.

- 1 **O** WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear
praise
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress?
Thy broken law doth dull me so;
My sins Thy praise oppress.
- 3 Oh make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn!
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.
- 4 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.
- 5 My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service brings my song more near
The angelic harmony.
- 6 O, wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful Seraphim.
- 7 O, when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

T. H. GILL.

12

887.

- 1 GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
G Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee;
- 2 Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

3 By Thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By Thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee;

4 And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice Thy praises pealing,
Must Thy noblest homage be.

5 Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life and motion,
We the present Godhead see.

6 Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

W. J. FOX

13

C.M.

1 **F**ULL many a smile, full many a song
Makes glad my portion here;
Lord, all my strains to Thee belong;
Thou sendest all my cheer.

2 Joy! joy! when Thou the theme dost lend,
When Thou the song dost make!
How sweet Thy gifts on Thee to spend,
Thy glory home to take.

3 I sing because Thy works are fair;
Thy glory makes me glad;
Thy garments bright of praise I wear,
For Thou art brightly clad.

4 Full triumph doth my soul possess,
Because Thy ways are right;
The glory of Thy righteousness
Maketh my dear delight.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 5 How great the judgments Thou hast wrought!
 How tremblingly I sing!
 How good the statutes Thou hast taught!
 How glad the song I bring!
- 6 The beauty of Thy holiness
 Uplifts this strain of mine:
 And when Thy paths my footsteps press,
 My song becomes divine.
- 7 But, Lord, when will all mournfulness
 E'en from this song remove?
 I sing the statutes I transgress;
 I break the law I love.
- 8 O, help me better to obey,
 More gloriously to sing.
 The pilgrim that best keeps Thy way
 The sweetest song will bring.

T. H. GILL.

C.M.

- 14
- 1 **L**ORD! from these trembling souls of ours
 New songs dost Thou require?
 May our dull lips, our faltering powers,
 In such a strain conspire?
- 2 May pilgrims on this weary road
 Keep their first joy unspent,
 And bearers of this daily load
 Still a new song present?
- 3 Yes, from Thy grace, so marvellous,
 This wonder, Lord, may flow:
 Breathe Thy renewing fire on us!
 Our lips must catch the glow.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 As down Thy quickening grace is poured
So will Thy people sing;
New songs to their renewing Lord
Renewéd hearts will bring.
- 5 Sweet comes Thy morning love to them,
As ne'er bestowed before;
And glad ascends their evening hymn,
As when it first did soar.
- 6 They sing as though the Ransomer
Their ransom just had paid;
They sing as when the Comforter
His first sweet visit made.
- 7 From strength to strength their way they take;
From song to song they soar;
New births of grace their wonder wake;
New praises forth they pour.
- 8 In Heaven to endless joy they rise;
Still a new song they sing;
Still grows on their enraptured eyes
The glory of their King.
- 9 More near they draw, more bright they shine;
They sing more glad, more strong;
New, new that endless joy divine—
New, new that endless song.

T. H. GILL.

15

L.M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !
- 3 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desire or wish below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In Thine eternal world of joy.
- 4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies ;
I long, O Lord, to see Thy face,
To know the fulness of Thy grace.

WATTS.

16

L.M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame ;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

WATTS.

17

L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make Thy Church their care
Shall witness my devotions there ;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.
- 3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word ;
Not all Thy works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

WATTS.

18

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

WATTS.

19

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows—an endless stream—
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sacred honours of Thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways!
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

WATTS.

20

888, 888.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

21

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 There's not a craving of the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- 3 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed :
- 4 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command,
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 5 O trembling heart of mine, shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

FABER.

22

65, Double.

- 1 **W**ITH gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
How blessed to bring.
The old thankful story
Shall reach Thine abode,
Thou King of all Glory,
Most bountiful God.
- 2 Thy right would we give Thee,
True homage Thy due,
And honour eternal,
The universe through.
With all Thy creation,
Earth, heaven, and sea,
In one acclamation
We celebrate Thee.
- 3 Renewed by Thy Spirit,
Redeemed by Thy Son,
Thy children revere Thee
For all Thou hast done.
O Father! returning
To love and to light,
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.
- 4 Our souls mount aspiring
To reach the Divine,
Partaking Thy nature—
Through Christ—even Thine.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Through Him we are soaring,
With Him in accord,
We triumph adoring,
We joy in the Lord.

- 5 We join with the angels,
And now there is given,
From earth, Hallelujah !
In answer to heaven.
Amen ! be Thou glorious,
Below and above ;
O'er all hearts victorious,
O Infinite Love !

G. RAWSON.

23

66, 84, Double.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confessed ;
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blessed.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see His face.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 Before His glorious throne
The saints exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
With His right hand;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end,
His wondrous Name.

5 He by Himself hath sworn,
We on His oath depend.
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

OLIVERS.

24

C.M.

1 **O**UR hearts shall praise Thee, God of love,
Here in Thy courts below;
Praise Thee, as angels praise above,
For more than they we owe.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 When did Thy people call, and Thou
Their supplication spurn?
And shall our souls refuse Thee now
Their utmost in return?
- 3 Though Thou art high and we are low,
We are Thy daily care,
Thy hand restrains our fiercest foe,
And heals our worst despair.
- 4 Lord, finish what Thou hast begun
In love and grace divine;
Thy perfect will in us be done,
And all the praise be Thine.

H. F. LYTE.

25

87, Double.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail! the God of our Salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high;
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

FAWCETT.

26

- 1 **W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God ;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad ;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- 3 O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored ;
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song ;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high !
Father, we praise Thy majesty ;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore ;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

27

7s.

- 1 **G**OD eternal ! Lord of all !
Lowly at Thy feet we fall ;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amidst the throng would be.
- 2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most High !
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise ;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy servants here to do ?

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 With Thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright a crown they wear,
We Thy cross on earth would bear.
- 6 All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail Thy spotless birth;
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

J. ELWIN MILLARD.

28

87.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

29

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
 In heavenly heights above,
 With harp, and voice, and souls of fire,
 Burning with perfect love.
- 2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light,
 Ye million suns of space;
 Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
 Running your mystic race.
- 3 Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the sky
 With crystal, crimson, gold;
 And rainbow arches raise on high,
 The Light of light unfold.
- 4 Shout to Jehovah, surging main,
 In deep, eternal roar,
 Let wave to wave resound the strain,
 And shore reply to shore.
- 5 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
 Wild winds that keep His word,
 With the old mountains far below,
 Unite to bless the Lord.
- 6 And round the wide world let it roll,
 Whilst man shall lead it on;
 Join, every ransomed human soul,
 In glorious unison.
- 7 Come, aged man, come, little child,
 Youth, maiden, peasant, king,
 To God in Jesus reconciled,
 Your hallelujahs bring.
- 8 The omnipresent Deity,
 Maker of earth and heaven,
 The great Redeeming Majesty,
 To Him the praise be given.

GEORGE RAWSON.

30

- 1 **C**OME, O come, with sacred lays,
 Sound we God Almighty's praise;
 Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place;
 And, amid the mortal throng,
 Be ye masters of the song.
- 2 Angels and celestial powers,
 Be the noblest worship yours;
 Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round,
 That our song of praise may be
 Everlasting, as is He.
- 3 From the earth's remotest end,
 Let the voice of praise ascend;
 Spreading wide from shore to shore
 Let the ocean-fulness roar;
 Winds and clouds, as on ye move,
 Bear the mighty sound above.
- 4 So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
 On the earth His blessings pour;
 All this huge wide orb we see
 Shall one choir—one temple—be;
 Come, then, come, in sacred lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER.

31

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **A**LL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
 Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
 All were for Thy glory made,
 That Thy greatness thus displayed
 Should all worship bring to Thee;
 All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.
- 3 All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud;
Summer, winter, all to Thee
Glory render—Lord, may we.
- 4 All things praise Thee—heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet:
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising—Lord, may we.
- 5 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

G. W. CONDER.

32

Irregular.

- 1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Alleluia!

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

They through the fields of paradise who roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through their bright
home,

Alleluia !

The planets, glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say,
Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wild and bright,
In sweet consent unite
Your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing : Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,
Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia !

There let the valleys sing, in gentler chorus,
Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry,
Alleluia !

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,
Alleluia !

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia !

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves: Alleluia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaken-
ing, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

33

10 10 8.

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
Ye next, who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height,
An endless Alleluia.
The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And, with glad songs resounding, wake again
An endless Alleluia.
In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice,
To render to the Lord, with thankful voice,
An endless Alleluia.
Ye who have gained at length your palms in
bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays, [praise
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

34

11 12, 12 10.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise
to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see ;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth
and sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

HEBER.

35

7s. Double.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good ;
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy Three,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore ;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing ;
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King,
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord—
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

36

65, 65, 65, 67

1 **E**VERLASTING praises
 To the Father be !
 Everlasting praises
 To the Saviour be !
 Everlasting praises
 To the Spirit be !
 Everlasting praises
 To the blessed Trinity !

2 Everlasting praises
 For the Father's love !
 Everlasting praises
 For the Saviour's love !
 Everlasting praises
 For the Spirit's love !
 Everlasting praises
 To the Trinity of love !

H. BONAR.

37

76, 76, 7776.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our Heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace ;
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join :
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine !

2 Thee, the firstborn sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease,

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing aloud, or silent fall,
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love.
Thee *they* sing with glory crown'd;
We extol the dying Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our song is still the same.

4 Father, Thy great love we bless,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, King of righteousness,
Alike we glorify.
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

38

L.M.

1 **B**LESSED be the Father and His love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
Ocean of life and love unknown,
Unfathomed depth, without a shore.

WATTS.

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

39

C.M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares ;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

WATTS.

40

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

41

1 O GOD of glory, God of grace,
From age to age our dwelling place,
Before Thy throne we bow.
Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
When they and earth shall be no more,
The same, O Lord, art Thou.

2 Man's generations rise and pass
Like morning flowers or summer grass,
The creatures of Thy breath.
Our life runs onward like a stream;
We come and vanish as a dream,
The prey of sin and death.

3 Unnumbered ills beset our path,
Our days are darkened 'neath Thy wrath;
And yet how heedless we!
O touch with grace each erring heart,
True wisdom to each soul impart,
And win us all to Thee.

4 We sink, we perish 'neath Thy frown;
O send Thy healing mercy down
To light our coming years:
Then, be they many, be they few,
Thy grace will bear us safely through,
Beyond the reach of tears.

H. F. LYTE.

42

L.M.

1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

GOD: HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 2 We shrink beneath Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !
- 4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe ;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

JOHN STERLING.

43

L.M.

- 1 **O** GOD, whose voice the ages hear,
Whose music thrills through worlds
unknown,
Inform our hearts with power divine,
And wake pale doubt Thy name to own.
- 2 O Thou, whose ocean's tide hath filled
Creation's space with kindly sway,
Touch every home from shore to shore
With gentle truth's immortal ray.
- 3 O Thou, who guardest great and small,
Whose children own Thee Love sublime,
Make strong each heart that on Thee waits,
Shine through the pictured screen of time.

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 4 O Thou, whose paths are sown with stars,
Whose patience every child doth gird,
We thank Thy love for life supreme,
We praise for matchless hope Thy word.
- 5 Be Thou about us all our years,
May all good works through Thee increase,
Let sweetest calm ensue from tears,
From earth's brief war Thy perfect peace.

F. A. ROLLO RUSSELL.

44

L.M.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
G Our souls adore Thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Before Thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall Thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;

- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

45

886, 886.

- 1 **L**ORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known !
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part ;
Still, still Thou art our own.
- 2 Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee ;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.
- 3 Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.
- 4 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

- 5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New Births of Grace, new raptures bring;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.
- 6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

T. H. GILL.

46

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are mine own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

GOD: HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS.

47

C.M.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

WATTS.

48

C.M. Six lines

- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God, art nigh :
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to Thy seat attain ;
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
 Thy path, the trackless main :
- 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
 They thunder forth Thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy name,
 The wonders of Thy ways ;
 But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- 5 O ! not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There doth His Spirit rest.
 O come, Thou Presence Infinite !
 And make Thy creature blest.

CONDER.

49

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would
climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

RAY PALMER.

50

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
To Him eternal years belong,
And endless is His joy.
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.
- 6 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

WATTS.

447, 887.

51

- 1 ANGELS holy,
 High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
- 2 Sun and moon bright,
 Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

3 Ocean hoary,
 Tell His glory,
 Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
 Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
 Wave advancing, wave retreating,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

4 Rock and high land,
 Wood and island,
 Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
 Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
 Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

5 Rolling river,
 Praise Him ever,
 From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

6 Bond and free man,
 Land and sea man,
 Earth with peoples widely stored,
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
 Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

7 Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver ;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord !

J. S. BLACKIE.

52

86, 886.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Light ! eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God :
- 5 These, these prepare for us the sight
Of Holiness above ;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love !

BINNEY.

53

7s.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame ;
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

- 2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art;
From Thy hand our spirits came;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.
- 3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known;
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.
- 4 Born anew, O may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.
- 5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

CONDER.

54

C.M.

- 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!
- 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

GOD: HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 4 O generous love ! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;
- 5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. NEWMAN.

55

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King ; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice.
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ; who then shall dare,
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?
- 3 The Lord is King ; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all His ways ;
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns ! Ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

GOD: HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 O! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 7 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And the thin boundary between.
- 8 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

CONDER.

56

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star,
Centre and sun of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love :
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee ;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. HOLMES.

57

L.M. Double.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same ;
Wisdom and might and love are Thine ;
Prostrate before Thy feet we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee Sovereign Lord of all !
- 2 Thee, Sovereign Lord ! let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ.
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !
- 3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three ;
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all Thy works be paid to Thee.
Thrice holy ! Thine the kingdom is ;
The power omnipotent is Thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories shall for ever shine !

C. WESLEY.

58

- 1 **T**O Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless heaven,
Be eternal glory given!
His the power, the love, the light,
His the day, and His the night;
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.
- 2 Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love,
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest—all are His.
- 3 Life with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and high,
Gleams of glad eternity;
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence—all are His.
- 4 Let us, then, our honour bring
To this mighty Lord and King;
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue.
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light,
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

H. BONAR.

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Unceasingly adored.
- 3 When Heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy light and majesty,
Didst live and reign alone.
- 4 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be;
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 5 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.
- 6 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 7 Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

F. W. FABER.*

60

- 1 **M**OST ancient of all mysteries,
Before Thy throne we lie;
Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love!
Most holy Trinity!
- 2 How wonderful creation is,
Thy work, which Thou didst bless;
'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
Divine Almighty!
- 3 How beautiful Thine angels are!
Thy saints, in radiant dress,
They're but the shadow of Thy light,
Eternal loveliness!
- 4 Infinite Goodness! Thou art dear
To Thy poor creatures' heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.
- 5 We look up in our littleness
To Thy majestic state;
Our comfort is Thou art so good,
And that Thou art so great.
- 6 O Glorious in Thy Holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly;
Inspire us now with fear and love,
Our God to sanctify.

F. W. FABER.

61

6666, 88.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

WATTS.

62

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God! I do not flee from Thee
Because Thou awful art;
Thy glories, Lord, oppress not me,
Nor make afraid my heart.
- 2 Father, Redeemer, Quickener mine,
What joy Thy glories yield!
That majesty, that might of Thine,
I count my sun and shield.
- 3 Who but Thyself, all-glorious Guest,
Joy to my sad soul brings?
And where may Thy frail creature rest
But 'neath the Eternal wings?

4 I tremble, and Thou mak'st me bold ;
 I weep, smiles come from Thee ;
 I faint, and Thy strong arms enfold ;
 I die, Thou quickenest me.

5 My weakness Thy dear succour gains ;
 That weakness, Lord, I love ;
 Yes, sweet the frailty that constrains
 My soul to look above !

6 Oh ! if I find mine earthly rest
 In Thee, my glorious God,
 How will Thy glory make me blest
 In Thine own bright abode !

T. H. GILL.

63

L.M.

1 **O** HEIGHT that doth all height excel,
 Where the Almighty doth abide !
 O awful depth unsearchable,
 Wherein the Eternal One doth hide !

2 O dreadful glory, that doth make
 Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
 Through which no angel-eye may break,
 Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone !

3 Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,
 Their weary wings no longer try ;
 His dwelling we may not explore,
 We may not on His glory pry.

4 Vain searchers ! but we need not mourn ;
 We need not stretch our weary wings ;
 Thou meetest us where'er we turn ;
 Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

GOD: HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 5 The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest;
Thou whom "excess of light" doth hide
Here shinest, sweetly manifest.
- 6 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us Thou hidest Thine abode;
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.
- 7 O Glory that no eye may bear!
O Presence bright, our souls' sweet Guest!
O farthest off, O ever near!
Most hidden and most manifest!

T H. GILL.

64

10 10, 11 11.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light.
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless might !
Ineffable love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

SIR R. GRANT.*

65

1 **H**ALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise,
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blesséd be for evermore
That dread name which we adore :
Round the world His praise be sung
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?

4 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower :
Set the meanest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers :
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways :
Praise His name—for ever praise.

CONDER.

66

L.M.

1 **N**O human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !

GOD : HIS GLORY AND HOLINESS.

- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal mind ;
- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.
- 5 So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak and Knowledge
flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

67

L.M.

- 1 YE servants of the Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing :
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty ;
Nor time nor place His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.
- 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names !
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

GOD: HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 4 Great is our Lord and great His might,
And all His glories infinite.
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 Behold His love: He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

WATTS.

GOD: HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

68

L.M.

-
- 1 **O** LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O love of God! how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
- 3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill!
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
- 4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above!
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

GOD : HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 6 O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blessed.

H. BONAR.

69

[87.

- 1 GOD is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above !
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 5 God is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove !
Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom ! God is love !

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight;
They wind through darkness to their end,
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.
- 5 Thy chastisements are love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love!
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee!
- 7 Then with thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne,
When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

J. D. BURNS.

71

1 GOD is love—the heavens tell it
 Through their glorious orbs of light,
 In that glad and golden language
 Speaking to us, day and night,
 Their great story,
 God is love, and God is might!

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
 In that message from above,
 With ten thousand thousand voices,
 Telling back from hill and grove,
 Her glad story,
 God is might, and God is love!

3 With these anthems of creation
 Mingling in harmonious strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
 To the world with blessings rife,
 Tell their story,
 God is love and God is life!

4 Through that precious love He sought us,
 Wandering from His holy ways,
 With that precious life He bought us;
 Then let all our future days
 Tell this story,
 Love our life, our life be praise.

5 Gladsome is the theme, and glorious,
 Praise to Christ, our gracious head;
 Christ, the risen Christ, victorious,
 Death and hell hath captive led!
 Welcome story,
 Love is life, and death is dead!

- 6 Up to Him let each affection
 Daily rise, and round Him move,
 Our whole lives one resurrection
 To the life of life above,
 Their glad story,
 God is life, and God is love !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

72

8884.

- 1 **W**E cannot always trace the way
 Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
 move,
 But we can always surely say
 That Thou art love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
 O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
 As to their sanctuary, spring;
 For Thou art love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
 We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
 That Thou art love.
- 4 Yes, Thou art love; and truth like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
 Our God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

73

888, 888.

- 1 **L**ET all men know that all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above;
 That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
 And anguish, all are shadows vain;
 That death itself shall not remain,

GOD : HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

2 That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;
Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day !

3 And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last !
Let all men count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

R. C. TRENCH.

74

L.M.

1 FATHER and Friend ! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought :
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

75

- 1 **O**UR Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame.
- 2 Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see;
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.
- 3 Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain,
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see Him once again.
- 4 The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.
- 5 If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.
- 6 Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

O. W. HOLMES.

76

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

GOD: HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains
His goodness must endure.

C. WESLEY.

77

86, 86, 88.

- 1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.
- 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

GOD : HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.
- 4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONGFELLOW.

78

7s.

- 1 **L**ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He the golden-tresséd sun
Caused all day his course to run;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

MILTON.*

79

S.M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovéd Son.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And, when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

81

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue;
We thank Thee, Lord, that while we sing
Thy love, we share it too.
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will;
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.
- 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
O spread the gospel of Thy love
Till all Thy glories see!

H. F. LYTE.

82

8884.

- 1 **L**ET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is love!
- 2 Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is love!

GOD : HIS LOVE AND GOODNESS.

- 3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is love !
- 4 O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is love !
- 5 Then when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is love !

THOMAS DAVIS.

83

C.M.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

- 5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

WATTS.

84

L.M.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the wide realms of earth and seas.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word,
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.
- 3 Each promise is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad ;
Each promise powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own :
- 5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,—
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power maintains.

WATTS.*

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

85

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

KEBLE.

86

C.M.

- 1 **I** SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

WATTS.

87

L.M. Double.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine—
 The hand that made us is divine!

ADDISON.

88

7s. Six lines.

1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
 Morning light and evening shade;
 Source and Giver of all good,
 Nightly sleep and daily food;
 Quickener of our wearied powers,
 Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,
 Who made every breathing thing;
 His, our warm and sentient frame,
 His, the mind's immortal flame;
 O, how close the ties that bind
 Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

CONDER.

89

L.M.

1 **W**HAT sweetness on Thine earth doth
dwell!

How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine!
Yet sweeter messages they tell,
These earnest of delights divine.

2 Yes! glory out of glory breaks,
More than the gift itself is given;
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine earth doth prophesy of heaven.

3 These mighty hills we joy to climb,
These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the eternal hills sublime—
Of God's own river prophesy.

4 These odours blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude the angelic harmonies.

HIS WORKS: CREATION.

- 5 These vernal hours, what news they bring!
What tidings these bright summers tell!
They fore-announce the eternal spring,
Foreshow the Light Ineffable.
- 6 And in these gracious ones so dear,
These just souls that our souls make strong,
We feel the holy angels near,
We mingle with the blissful throng.
- 7 O mercies, kindly incomplete!
Dear joys, our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace, that in Thy gifts most sweet
We read of gifts diviner still.
- 8 Lord, from Thy gifts to Thee we rise,
But with more strength we soar above,
Upon these glorious prophecies,
These earnest of Thy dearer love.

T. H. GILL.

90.

C.M.

- 1 **I**S not my Spirit filled with Thine,
Amidst Thy works, O Lord?
Are not Thy visits there divine,
Thy glories there outpoured?
- 2 No sense of mine partakes Thy cheer
Without a nobler guest;
No pleasure waits on eye or ear,
But, Lord, my soul is blest.
- 3 Yes, every fair bright thing I see
My soul some brightness brings;
I hear the outer harmony—
Within, a sweeter springs.

- 4 Nor glad air breatheth but it breathes
A blessing from above;
Each vision of Thy works bequeathes
A vision of Thy love.
- 5 But O, not thus, not yet, not here
Doth Thy best brightness come;
Thy word hath still diviner cheer,
More bliss Thy heavenly home.
- 6 Yet here its light and beauty grow;
Here endless gifts are given;
Yes, all the glory won below
Shall glorify our heaven.

T. H. GILL.

91

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. MOORE.

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE.

92

C.M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

93

L.M.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

WATTS.

94

C.M.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
O My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

HIS WORKS: PROVIDENCE.

- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
And we who know Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

WATTS.

95

87, 87, 47.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like Thee His praise should sing!
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. E. LYTE

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face:
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

ADDISON.

97

67, 67, 6666.

1 **N**OW thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices;
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us;
 With ever-joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven;
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

RINCKART, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

98

7777.

1 **A**LL that's good and great and true,
 All that is and is to be,
 Be it old or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.
- 3 Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.
- 4 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.
- 5 May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy Name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

G. THRING.

99

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN spring's soft breath and softer
showers
New life infuse in buds and flowers,
This song, O Lord, shall then be ours,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 2 When autumn cometh, golden-crowned,
With treasures of the fertile ground,
Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound,
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 3 When children's merry laugh and play
Make sweetest music through the day,
Most heartily we love to say,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 4 When gladdest sympathy we feel,
As youth and maiden plighted kneel,
Be this of all their bliss the seal;
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 5 When friends of ours, and joys increase,
When sickness, want, and tumults cease,
This thought comes with divinest peace,
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 6 When on the dark-waved shore we stand,
Each year an undiminished band,
Friend still with friend, hand still in hand,
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.
- 7 O Father, in our hearts instil
Right thoughts of Thy joy-giving will;
All things for good are working still
Thy perfect will,—Thy will be done.

J. W. B.

100

8884.

- 1 O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.
- 2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.
- 3 In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.

HIS WORKS : PROVIDENCE.

- 4 And when a wayward wind is borne,
So lightly on a summer morn,
To stir the golden ears of corn,
Thy will is done.
- 5 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
- 6 And when the widowed heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
- 7 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.
- 8 For high above all earthly ill,
Thy purer wisdom worketh still;
And we would wait and trust, until
Thy will is done,—
- 9 And through the clouds from sunny skies,
A light shall fall where sorrow lies;
Thou speakest, and the heart replies
Thy will is done.
- 10 Descend and make Thy goodness known,
Claim all creation for Thine own,
And make all hearts, Lord, Thine alone,
Thy will be done.

FREDERICK SMITH.

101

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

DODDRIDGE.

HIS WORKS: REDEMPTION.

102

— L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself, divine;
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none may share.
Is there a pardoning God like Thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon, from an offended God;
Pardon, for sins of deepest dye;
Pardon, bestowed through Jesus' blood;
Pardon, that brings the rebel nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like Thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?
- 4 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This wondrous miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:—
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

DAVIES.

103

L.M.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

HIS WORKS: REDEMPTION.

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

WATTS.

104

6666, 4444.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God Most High,
The Universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.

- 2 How mighty is His hand!
What wonders hath He done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

HIS WORKS: REDEMPTION.

- 3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.
- 4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.
- 5 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let His name
Have endless praise.
- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

WATTS.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL
PRAISE.

105

C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.
- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

C. WESLEY.*

106

C.M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul! awake, my voice,
And songs of rapture sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.
- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.

- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

WATTS.

107

87, Double.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and endless praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Crowns the angels, feeds the sparrows,
Blesséd be Thy gentle reign.

- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives.
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow;
 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.

ROBINSON.

108

C.M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,
 Almighty King of grace;
 Thine uncreated glories shine
 With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at Thy feet;
 To Thee their prayers and songs ascend;
 In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
 On Thine exhaustless store;
 From Thee they all their bliss receive,
 And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
 They find their all in Thee;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **T**O Thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
A grateful song we'll raise;
Love shall inspire our glowing hearts,
And form our lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the Lamb
That bore our sins away;
But oh! what tribute can we give?
What equal honours pay?
- 3 Millions of saints Thy grace proclaim
In noblest strains above;
But Heaven itself can never tell
The wonders of Thy love.
- 4 Blessed seraphs sing Thy matchless love,
And shout Thy high renown;
Archangels, at Thy sacred feet,
Lay their bright glories down.
- 5 Reign, mighty Prince! for ever reign,
Till death himself be dead;
And let eternal ages shower
Their blessings on Thy head.
- 6 Thus will we sing till nature fails,
Till sense and language die;
And then resume Thy glorious praise
In happier worlds on high.

- 1 **R**EST of the weary, joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.
- 3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry;
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.
- 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

C.M.

111

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!
- 2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!
- 4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
- 6 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
- 7 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.
- 8 O Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

112

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art mine everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
 I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

WATTS. *

113

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 SING a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;
If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long;
If thou dread'st the morrow,
Tell it Him in song;
Though thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.
- 2 Jesus, we are lowly,
Thou art very high;
We are all unholy,
Thou art purity.
We are frail and fleeting,
Thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting
In Thy blesséd Name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 All begins in Jesus,
And in Him I see
All the eternal Godhead
Coming down to me,
I climb to His brightness,
Up my steps of praise;
And a sudden lightness
Gilds my darkened days.
So I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.
- 4 All His words are music,
Though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.
Time can never render
All in Him I see;
Infinitely tender,
Human Deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.
- 5 Jesus, let me love Thee,
Infinitely sweet!
What are the poor odours
I bring to Thy feet?
Yet I love Thee, love Thee;
Come into my heart!
And ere long remove me
To be where Thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

E. P. HOOD.

114

- 1 **O** LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high !
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 Nor willed He only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.
- 4 For us He was baptised, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.
- 5 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.
- 6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.
- 7 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 8 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* NEALE.

115

76, Double.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy love unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free,
Leaves all our thoughts confounded,
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us did'st bleed and die,
That, ransomed and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God.
We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.
- 3 O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee;
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

116

84, 84, 8884.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave thee,
This day soothe, the next day grieve thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee;
Oh, how He loves!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Love this Friend who died to save thee;
 Oh, how He loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee;
 Oh, how He loves!
Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all Thy sorrow;
 Oh, how He loves!
- 3 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
 Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
 Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee,
 Oh, how He loves!

MARIANNE NUNN.

117

L. M.

- 1 **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
- 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why:
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.
- 3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
- 4 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee ;
A beam in darkness : let it grow.
- 6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

TENNYSON.

118

C.M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die ;
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers learn Thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.

STEELE.

119

C.M.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief.
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From hell's appalling pains.
- 5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

WATTS.

120

C.M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

BERNARD.

121

87.

- 1 **F**RRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Fain would I Thy praises sing.
- 2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!
- 4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to Thee.

NEWMAN HALL.

122

C.M.

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
- 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.
- 5 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart
Of my prayer Hearer be.
- 6 Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might
My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

J. C. LAVATER, tr. MRS. H. B. SMITH.

123

C.M.

1 **D**EAR Friend, whose presence in the
house,

Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine,—

2 Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel-visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

J. F. CLARKE.

124

L.M.D.

1 **L**ORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received, on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

- 2 Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three,
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that
burns;
Here, where in eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last, best creed is Love.
- 3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.
- 4 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son! O hear ye Him!"

A. P. STANLEY.

125

65, 65, 65, 65.

- 1 SAVIOUR, blesséd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignéd,
Love that never dies.
- 5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

HIS DIVINITY.

6 Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blesséd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

GODFREY THRING.

HIS DIVINITY.

126

C.M. Double.

1 JESUS is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night;
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire.
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.

HIS DIVINITY.

He was true God in Bethlehem ;
On Calvary's cross true God ;
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

- 3 O, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim aloud,
Jesus, the good, the merciful,
Is everlasting God.
Jesus is God ! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.

FABER.

127

86, 86, 88.

- 1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed ;
Brightness of Uncreated Light ;
The heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
 An angel's grasp transcend;
 The Father only—glorious claim—
 The Son can comprehend.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 5 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
 Ineffable doth rest,
 Thy glorious worshippers above,
 As one with Thee, are blest.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.
- 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
 The centre Thou, and sun,
 The eternal theme of praise is this,
 To Heaven's Belovéd One:—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

CONDER.

128

L. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, mighty God!
 Our spirits bow before Thy seat;
 To Thee we lift a humble thought,
 And worship at Thine awful feet.
- 2 Thy power hath formed, Thy wisdom sways,
 All nature with a sovereign word;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior Lord.
- 3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity;
 But who, amongst the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with Thee!

HIS DIVINITY.

- 4 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

WATTS.*

129

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

HIS DIVINITY.

- 5 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

PIERPONT.

130

86, 86, 88.

- 1 IN Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth;
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.
- 2 In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Vict'ry that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.
- 3 Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet,
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.
- 4 Not my Christ only; He is ours;
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond,
What yet we shall be none can tell:
Now are we His, and all is well.

LUCY LARCOM.

131

- 1 **O** MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This robe of flesh the Lord did wear;
 This watch the Lord did keep;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
 These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of Heaven;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this robe of flesh alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
 Because Thy heaven we share;
 Because we sing around Thy throne,
 And Thy bright raiment wear.
- 6 Thou who was clothéd in our clay,
 And stricken in our stead,
 Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
 Thy joy on us wilt shed.
- 7 O mighty grace! our life to live,
 To make our earth divine!
 O mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine!

T. H. GILL.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ADVENT
AND BIRTH.

132

C.M.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

WATTS.

133

7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 6 Lo! He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we, then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

CHARLES WESLEY.*

134

76, 76, Double.

- 1 **R**ECEIVE Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes;
Ye people, speak not sadly,
He makes the fallen rise;
In all your habitations,
Complaint and sighing cease;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in bondage lying,
Are precious in His sight.

4 He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

135

L.M.

1 **W**HAT means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 "What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."
- 3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.
- 4 But they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
- 5 But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.
- 6 All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
- 7 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"
- 8 And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

J. R. LOWELL.

136

87, 87, 47.

1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
God revealed to mortal sight.
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal-star;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

MONTGOMERY.

137

87, Double.

1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2 Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth His praises sing ;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high !
Sons of men, repeat the story,
Sing the gladness of His birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

CAWOOD.

138

Irregular.

1 **O** COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

2 True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Son of the Father,
Begotten not created :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Sing ye "all glory,"
To God in the Highest :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

4 Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning :
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

(?) BONAVENTURA (1221-1274), F. OAKLEY.

139

7s. Double.

1 GLORY be to God on high !
G Peace on earth ! goodwill towards men !
Angels tell it from the sky,
Sinners answer it again ;
Ye who round the throne admire,
Ye who are redeemed on earth,
Swell the everlasting choir,
Sing your glorious Saviour's birth.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

2 We were lost, but we are found ;
Dead, but now alive are we ;
We were sore in bondage bound,
Till He came to set us free ;
Strangers, and He takes us in ;
Naked, He becomes our dress ;
Sick, and He from stain of sin
Cleanses with His righteousness.

3 Therefore will we sing His praise
Who His lost ones hath restored ;
Hearts and voices both shall raise
Hallelujahs to the Lord.
Hallelujah ! heaven is won !
Hallelujah ! man is free !
Hallelujah ! God's own Son,
Saviour is eternally.

J. S. MONSELL.

140

11 10, 11 10.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine ?

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEBER.

141

L.M.D.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil,
The child of poverty and toil ;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe :
His joy, His glory, to fulfil,
In earth and heaven, His Father's will ;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, despised, adored.
- 2 The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never yet man spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirit stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.
- 3 The Lord is come ! With joy behold
The gracious signs, declared of old ;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease ;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are roused to seek a nobler fate ;
The minds with doubt and dread possessed
That find in Him their perfect rest.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 4 The Lord is come ! The world's great stage
Begins a better, brighter age ;
The old gives place unto the new ;
The false retires before the true ;
A progress that shall never tire,
A central heat of sacred fire,
A hope that soars beyond the tomb,
Reveal that Christ has truly come.
- 5 The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
Throughout those words and acts divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.
- 6 The Lord is come ! In every heart,
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every Church, where faith and love
Lift earthward thought to things above ;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come !

A. P. STANLEY.

142

7s. Six lines.

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright !
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

W. C. DIX.

143

10s. Six lines.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake; salute the happy
morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice—Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 3 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing in heaven a glad triumphant song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display.
Saved by His love, for ever we shall sing,
Glory to God on high, our Heavenly King.

BYROM.

144

7s. Six lines.

- 1 SING, O sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite ;
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 3 God with us, Immanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell,
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies ;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

5 Human flesh is now become
Christ's abode, the Godhead's home,
Royal palace, sacred shrine,
For the Majesty Divine.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

6 Now we rise, from prison free ;
Now we march to victory.
Joyful banners are unfurled ;
'Tis the birthday of the world.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

7 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy spirit day by day ;
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

8 Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born ;
Glory to the Father give,
Praise the Son, in whom we live ;
Glory to the Spirit be,
Godhead One, and Persons Three.

C. WORDSWORTH,

HIS WORKS OF POWER.

C.M. Double.

145

1 **O** WHERE is He that trod the sea?
 O, where is He that spake,
 And demons from their victims flee,
 The dead from slumber wake?
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,
 The dumb men talk and sing,
 And from blind eyes, benighted long,
 Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea?
 'Tis only He can save;
 To thousands hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal He gave.
 Full soon, celestially fed,
 Their plenteous food they take;
 'Twas springtide when He blessed the bread,
 'Twas harvest when He brake.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea?
 My soul! the Lord is here;
 Let all thy fears be hushed in Thee;
 And leap, and look, and hear.
 Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy;
 Art thou diseased or dumb?
 Or dost Thou in thy hunger cry?
 Behold thy Helper come!

T. T. LYNCH.*

146

8883.

1 **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
 But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
 Calm and still.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 2 Save, Lord, we perish, was their cry;
O, save us in our agony!
Thy word above the storm rose high,
Peace, be still.
- 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
Peace, be still.

GODFREY THRING.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

147

7778.

- 1 **M**AN of Sorrows!—what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement!—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
“It is finished,” was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

P. BLISS.

C.M.

148

- 1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

149

L.M.

- 1 **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father ! take this cup away."

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 2 Ah ! Thou Who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray ;
And earth for all her children saith,
O God ! take not this cup away.
- 3 O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
- 4 Great Chief of faithful souls arise ;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.
- 5 O King of Earth ! the Cross ascend ;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne ;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.
- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray :
Make but one fold below, above ;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

J. MARTINEAU'S SELECTION.

150

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;
It is finished !
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finished ! O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford ;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
It is finished !
Saints, the dying words record.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme,
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS *or* JONATHAN EVANS.

151

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And poor contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

WATTS.

152

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory;
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way;
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys, that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

153

7s.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day.
 [Hallelujah! *]
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing ye heavens; thou earth reply!

* End of each line.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Risen with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God.
- 7 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!
- 8 Lord of glory! King of bliss!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

154

1 **T**HE day of resurrection;
 Earth, tell it out abroad!
 The Passover of gladness!
 The Passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own All hail! and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain!

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

DAMASCENUS, *tr.* NEALE.

155

C.M. Double.

1 **T**HE shade and gloom of life are fled,
 This resurrection day;
 Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
 The grave hath no more prey;

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

2 Then wake, glad heart, awake ! awake !
And seek thy risen Lord ;
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word ;
And let Thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be ;
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
Christ died and rose for me.

156

87, Double.

1 **H**ALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah ! Hearts to
heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a
hymn of praise ;
He who on the cross a victim for the world's
salvation bled ;
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen
from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from
death to life is born ;
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy
Easter morn ;
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His
mighty enterprise ;
We with Him to life eternal by His resurrec-
tion rise.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the Firstfruits of the
holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance at His
second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads
before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the
furrows of the grave.
- 4 Christ is risen; we are risen. Shed upon us
heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the
brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven, here on
earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be ever,
Lord, with Thee.
- 5 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God on
high!
Hallelujah! to the Saviour, who has gained
the victory!
Hallelujah! to the Spirit, Fount of Love and
Sanctity;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune
Majesty!

C. WORDSWORTH.

L.M.

157

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest.

C. WESLEY.

158

6666, 88.

- 1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose!
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
He rose to-day.
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.
- 5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

159

10 11, 11 11, 12 11, 10 11.

- 1 **L**IFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around
Him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave;

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound Him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die !

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being He gave us death cannot destroy ;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were
our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die !

H. WARE.

160

87, Twelve lines.

- 1 CHRIST is risen ! hallelujah !
C Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead !
Gratefully our hearts adore Him !
As His light once more appears,
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from grief and tears.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

- 2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more ;

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise the victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

- 3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
We are Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all ;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of resurrection !
Let us rise and keep the feast.
Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
Christ is risen from the dead.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

161

78, 78, 4.

- 1 JESUS lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us :
Jesus lives, and this we know,
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !
- 2 Jesus lives, henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

3 Jesus lives; for us He died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving,
Hallelujah !

4 Jesus lives, our hearts know well;
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !

5 Jesus lives, to Him the throne
Far above all power is given;
We shall go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah !

C. F. GELLERT.

162

96, Double.

1 **O** SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled?
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form suspended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

2 Weep not for Him on Calvary dying;
Weep only for thy sins.
Come, see the place where He was lying;
'Tis there our hope begins;
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

- 3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
 Where His dear blood was spilt;
 His shameful cross, set forth before me,
 Hath cancelled all my guilt.
 Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
 Shall strength and succour give?
 He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
 Therefore His servants live.
- 4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
 And overcame the grave;
 Rising, the triumph He completed;
 He lives, He reigns to save.
 Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
 He comes, the Judge of Men;
 These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
 Lord Jesus! own me then.

JOSIAH CONDER.

163

S.M.

- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul?
 Is He within thy heart,
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul?
 Only in stars and sun;
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
 Confined to Scripture's page;
 Or does His Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart;
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy sacred power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. LYNCH.

164

1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate:
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory:
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels;
Man with God is on the throne:
Mighty Lord, in thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 4 Glory be to God the Father :
 Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
 Who the heavenly realm has won :
Glory to the Holy Spirit :
 To one God in persons Three,
Glory both in earth and heaven,
 Glory, endless glory be.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

165

C.M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror, through the heavens,
 Up to His Father flies ;
With scars of honour in His flesh,
 And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills His glorious seat
 On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach His blest abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

WATTS

166

C.M.

- 1 THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks upon the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

167

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5 O let me think how Thou did'st leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night;
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to dië for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

JOSIAH CONDER.

168

- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us through good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear;
 Like Thee to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joys shall at Thy bidding flee,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We, too, O Christ, would cry like Thee,
 Father, Thy will be done!
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then like Thine own, be all our aim,
 To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

169

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in Thy word;
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

170

76, 76, 776.

- 1 **D**OST thou truly seek renown,
Christ His glory sharing?
Would'st thou win the heavenly crown,
Victor's meed declaring?
Tread the path the Saviour trod,
Look upon the crown of God,
See what He is wearing.
- 2 This the King of heaven bore
In that sore contending:
This His sacred temples wore,
Honour to it lending;
In this helm He faced the foe,
On the Rood He laid him low,
Satan's kingdom ending.
- 3 Christ upon the Tree of Scorn,
In salvation's hour.
Turned to gold these pricks of thorn
By His Passion's power;
So on sinners, who had earned
Endless death, from sin returned,
Endless blessings shower.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

- 4 When in death's embrace we lie,
Then, good Lord, be near us;
With Thy presence fortify,
And with victory cheer us;
Turn our erring hearts to Thee,
That we crowned for aye may be:
O good Jesu, hear us!

14TH OR 15TH CENT., *tr.* A. R.

171

C.M

- 1 **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

SIR E. DENNY.

172

- 1 **A**ND art Thou come with us to dwell,
 Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our
 Lord,
 And is Thy name Emmanuel,
 God present with His world restored?
- 2 The heart is glad for Thee! it knows
 None now shall bid it err or mourn,
 And o'er its desert breaks the rose
 In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.
- 3 Thou bringest all again; with Thee
 Is light, is space, is breadth, and room
 For each thing fair, beloved, and free,
 To have its hour of life and bloom.
- 4 Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd;
 Each lowly wish, each daring claim;
 All, all that life hath long repress'd,
 Unfolds, undreading blight or blame.
- 5 Thy reign eternal will not cease;
 Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow;
 Within Thy mighty world of peace
 The humblest flower hath leave to blow.
- 6 The world is glad for Thee, the heart
 Is glad for Thee! and all is well,
 And fixed and sure, because THOU ART,
 Whose name is called Emmanuel.

DORA GREENWELL.

173

8886.

- 1 **I**T fell upon a summer day,
 When Jesus walked in Galilee,
 The mothers of the village brought
 Their children to His knee.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

- 2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
“Suffer these little ones to come
To Me,” He gently said.
- 3 “Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.”
- 4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.
- 5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.
- 6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And lovingkindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.
- 7 And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.
- 8 O happy thus to live and move;
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

174

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see:
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall:
View the Lord of Life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished;" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

175

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **O** LIGHT! whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

2 O Way ! through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth ! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life ! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows ?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint ?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light ! O Way ! O Truth ! O Life !
O Jesus, born mankind to save !
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave ;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the Living and the Dead.

6 O mightiest Three ! O holiest One !
Of all in heaven and earth the King.
All power and glory Thou hast won,
To Thee all saints and angels sing ;
Still serving, through the eternal rest,
They do Thy bidding, and are blest.

- 1 **W**E would see Jesus; for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life:
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath
rested,
With its dark touch upon both heart and
brow;
And though our souls have many a billow
breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to
see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its
fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less
strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
grace,
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

ELLEN ELLIS.

177

- 1 **T**HOU art the Way; to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And He who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
 And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that Way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE.

178

10 10 10 10.

- 1 **O** THOU, great Friend to all the sons of
 men,
 Who once didst come in humbler guise
 below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 And call Thy brethren forth from want and
 woe;—
- 2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the Light
 Which guides the nations, groping on their
 way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

3 Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way of
heaven !

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou
hast given.

THEODORE PARKER.

179

87s. Double.

1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath to our ransomed race ;
Come Thou universal Saviour,
Manifest Thy wondrous grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love ;
Give the knowledge of salvation ;
Raise our hearts to things above ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
By the teaching of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.

180

1 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till Thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

HIS ATONEMENT.

181

6666, 4444

1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,
 Speak gladness to this heart;
 They tell me all is done;
 They bid my fear depart.
 To whom, save Thee,
 Who can alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall I flee?

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee?
- 3 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee?
- 4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee?
- 5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due,
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sins atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

H. BONAR,

182

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till the whole ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

183

7s.

- 1 **J**ESU, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,
Breaker of the captive's chain,
Cleanser of the guilty's stain;
- 2 Thou the sinner's death hast died,
Thou for us wast crucified;
For our sin Thy flesh was torn,
Thou the penalty hast borne;

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 3 Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood;
Thou hast wiped the debt away,
Nothing left for us to pay;
- 4 Nothing left for us to bear,
Nothing left for us to share,
But the pardon and the bliss,
But the love, the light, the peace.
- 5 Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,
I to Thee will look and live,
And, in looking, praises give.
- 6 I would rise to Thee above,
I would look, and praise, and love;
Blessing Thee with lip and soul,
While the endless ages roll.

H. BONAR.

C.M.

184

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.
- 3 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

- 4 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

WATTS.

185

664, 6664.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
G Let earth to heaven reply :
Praise ye His name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And praise Him evermore ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load ;
Praise ye His name ;
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won ;
Sing His great name alone ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name ;
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name ;
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !

HIS ATONEMENT.

5 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name:
To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

JAMES ALLEN.

186

C.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

HIS ATONEMENT.

- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

187

C.M.

- 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The saint's triumphant song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

MONTGOMERY.*

- 1 **T**ELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
*Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.*
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

K. HANKEY.

189

- 1 **H**AIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail! Thou Galilean King;
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail! Thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 By Thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made for man with God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BAKEWELL.

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

L.M.

190

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The House of God, not made with
hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan;—
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

191

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou in all things like wast made
To us, yet free from sin;
Then how unlike to us, O Lord,
Replies the voice within.

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

- 2 Our faith is weak;—O Light of light!
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.
- 3 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- 4 O Son of God! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.
- 5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven.

J. ANSTICE.

192

C.M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

WATTS.*

193

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas He that cleansed us from our sins,
 And washed us in His precious blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue His glory sing.

WATTS.*

194

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW let our trustful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate His constant care,
 And sympathising love.

HIS PRIESTHOOD.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

DODDRIDGE.*

195

8886.

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms infold,
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say—Thou hast washed them all away;
O say—Thou plead'st for me.

C. E. ELLIOTT.

HIS KINGSHIP.

6666, 88.

196

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail :
He rules o'er earth and heaven :
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; He bids His saints rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope :
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice :
The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice.
- C. WESLEY.*

197

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious :
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him :
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels ! crown Him :
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings—
Crown Him, crown Him :
Crown the Saviour, King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him, crown Him :
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him :
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

KELLY.

198

C.M.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call :
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

E. PERRONET.

199

- 1 **W**HAT equal honour shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died ;
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
Though He was charged with madness here.
- 4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss ;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn :
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the cross for sinful men ;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

WATTS.

200

- 1 **O** ! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace !

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at His feet.
- 5 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy blessed abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God !
- 6 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay ;
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

WATTS.

201

886, 886.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Lord ! 'tis joy to know
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod :
All finished is Thy work of toil,
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.
- 2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns—
Thy seat the Father's throne ;
O Lord ! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
And soon the eternal song shall raise—
Worthy the Lord alone !

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 3 Our glorious Head, Thou sittest there,
Thy members here the blessing share,
Of all Thou dost receive :
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love has all made ours,
Who in Thy Name believe.
- 4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord ;
Thy joys our deepest joys afford,
Our life is life divine.
While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
How does the thought our spirits cheer,
The throne of glory 's Thine.

202

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem of thorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right :
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know :
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

KELLY.

203

6666, 88.

- 1 **A**LL hail! triumphant Lord,
Who hast our ransom paid;
Wide be Thy name adored,
On Thee our help is laid:
To Thee all power in earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell, are given.
- 2 All hail! exalted Priest!
To Thee our all we give;
Enthroned above the skies,
All homage to receive:
There deign in our behalf to plead;
Yea, there for ever intercede.
- 3 Jesus, the gift impart,
Thy risen power to know,
And teach each quickened heart
In Thy true love to glow.
Thou art the Life—our sins forgive:
Speak Thou the word, and we shall live.
- 4 All hail! victorious Lord,
At God's right hand above,
Triumphant o'er Thy foes,
Triumphant in Thy love.
To Thee our joyful songs we bring;
To Thee we bow, all-conquering King.

204

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression ;
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And joy and hope like flowers
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go :
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee :
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever:
His great, best name of Love.

MONTGOMERY.*

205

L.M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.
- 3 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 5 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 7 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.*

206

7s. Double.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done;
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

C.M. Double.

207

- 1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

208

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

HIS KINGSHIP.

- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great,
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

MILTON.*

209

S.M.

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not:
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief:
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

BONAR.

210

87, 87, 77.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of Love.
 See, He sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round the throne;
 Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
 Whither He Himself is gone.
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory! glory to our King!
- 3 King of Glory, reign for ever!
 Thine an everlasting crown!
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
 Happy objects of Thy grace
 Destined to behold Thy face!
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thy appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 Glory! glory to our King!

KELLY.

211

L.M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

212

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN God of old came down from
heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;
- 5 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

KEBLE.

213

86, 84.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.
- 3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.
- 4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.
- 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. AUBER.

214.

86, 86, 88.

- 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky;
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 4 Come Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.
Be this our Day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

COTTERILL.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Our frailties help, our vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
Chase from our minds the common foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

216

- 1 SPIRIT of truth ! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

BISHOP HEBER.

217

- 1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 Spirit of God, to Thee we cry,
O highest Gift of God most high !
O Fount of Life ! O Fire of Love !
And sweet anointing from above.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known ;
Thee strength of God's right hand we own ;
The promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.
- 6 All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father and the Son,
Who rose from death ; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.*

218

C.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here on earth,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls forget their heavenly birth,
And miss eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

219

S.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HART.

220

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our guilty hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.*

221

C.M.

- 1 **O**UR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day ;
To us Thy radiant steps appear ;
We watch Thy glorious way.
- 2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth He not still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire ?

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.
- 6 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.
- 7 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years !

T. H. GILL.

222

C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divinè, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe !
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.
- 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

REED.

223

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW near to us, O God, Thou art!
Felt in the movement of the heart;
Nearer than self Thou art to each;
The truth of Thine indwelling teach.
- 2 With feverish restlessness and pain,
We strive to shut Thee out—in vain!
To darkened mind and rebel will
Thou art the only Dayspring still.
- 3 Eyes are Thou unto us, the blind;
We turn to Thee, ourselves to find:
We cannot ope a door of prayer,
But Thou art seeking entrance there.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 O Father, Spirit ! more than near !
Through all our thought Thy voice we hear ;
Our life would welcome Thy control,
Immanuel ! God within the soul.
- 5 Thou fill'st our being's hidden springs ;
Thou giv'st our wishes heavenward wings ;
We live Thy life, we breathe Thy breath,
And in Thy presence is no death !

224

L.M.

- 1 O BREATH of God, breathe on us now,
And move within us while we pray ;
The spring of our new life art Thou,
The very light of our new day.
- 2 O strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek :
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard ;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.
- 3 Christ is our Advocate on high ;
Thou art our Advocate within :
O plead the truth, and make reply
To every argument of sin.
- 4 But ah, this faithless heart of mine !
The way I know ; I know my Guide ;
Forgive me, O my Friend divine,
That I so often turn aside.
- 5 Be with me when no other friend
The mystery of my heart can share ;
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,
By Thy best name of Comforter.

A. H. VINE.

225

S.M.

- 1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

DR. E. HATCH.

226

S.M. Double.

- 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.
3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be 'Thou
In life and death our guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

MONTGOMERY.

227

C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold! Thy weary churches wait
With wistful longing eyes,
Let us no more be desolate;
O bid Thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone;
Alone Thy people be.
- 4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

228

- 1 **E**NTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart;
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

HAWEIS.

229

S.M. Double.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Saviour known;
Apply His precious blood.
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
For us He shed His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

C. WESLEY.*

230

C.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

C. WESLEY.*

231

1 HOW dost Thou come, O Comforter?

In heavenly glory dressed,
Down floating from the far-off skies
With lilies on Thy breast?
In lone, mysterious silences,
In visions rapt and high,
And holy dreams, like pathways set,
Betwixt the earth and sky?

2 Not always thus—for Thou dost stoop

To our poor common clay,
Too faint for saintly ecstasy,
Too impotent to pray.
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rites, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

3 How does God send the Comforter?

Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Happy in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

4 How will God send the Comforter?

Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high;
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendour, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

232

- 1 **H**ATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier Power?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?
- 3 And as upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each holier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, O yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here;
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

S. G. BULLFINCH

233

777.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, the Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear;
Send Thy gracious radiance here.
- 2 Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth.
- 3 Thou the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou of Comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'erladen, rest.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
Proves at last but vain and naught.
- 5 Blesséd Sun of grace! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call,
Let Thy joy and solace fall.
- 6 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful strain,
O'er the parchéd heart, O rain;
Heal the wounded from its pain.
- 7 Bend the stubborn will to Thine;
Melt the cold with fire divine;
Erring hearts aright incline.
- 8 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be;
Give Thy gifts of charity.
- 9 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

C. WINKWORTH.*

234

7s. Six lines

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
G I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.
- 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.
- 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

235

7775.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter divine.
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter divine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy Temple in each breast,
Shrine of purity confessed,
Comforter divine.
- 6 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.
- 7 Dwell in us as in the Son,
With His Father ever one
In adoring union,
Comforter divine.
- 8 In us, Abba, Father, cry ;
Earnest of our bliss on high ;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.
- 9 Search for us the depths of God ;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine.

GEORGE RAWSON.

236

L.M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

S. BROWNE *

237

C.M.

- 1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might !
Baptise me with the vital flame,
Of purity and light.
- 2 Spring up within this flinty heart,
Well-spring of life divine ;
Health to my feeble pulse impart ;
Light out of darkness shine.
- 3 O Light and Power ! O Life and Love !
Of every good the source ;
Send me sweet succour from above,
To speed me on my course.
- 4 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
My every thought control ;
My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete,
Possess and guard my soul.
- 5 Spirit of Christ, sent forth from Him,
Yet uncreate, Divine !
Thine are the songs of seraphim ;
All human praise be Thine.

CONDOR.

238

10 10 10 10.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of God, descend upon my heart,
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses
move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitants, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY.

239

7775.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy heavenly Love.
- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain—if Love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore, give us Love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 7 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

C. WORDSWORTH.

240

L.M.

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine!—whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee!
- 2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes, and centuries sit.
- 3 Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding death and sin !
- 5 Shine, Light of God !—make broad Thy scope,
To all who sin and suffer ; more
And better than we dare to hope
Make with Thy love our longings poor.

J. G. WHITTIER.

241

664, 6664.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh, come to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power ;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our icy coldness end ;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all, who Christ profess,
His praise employ ;
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy !

RAY PALMER.

242

10s.

1 **A** WAKE, O Lord, as in the time of old !
Come down, O Spirit, in Thy power and
might !

For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely cold,
Our minds but blindly groping toward the
light.

2 Doubts are abroad ; make Thou these doubts
to cease !

Fears are within : set Thou these fears at
rest !

Strife is among us ; melt that strife to peace !
Change marches onward : may all change be
blest !

3 It is not knowledge that we chiefly need,
Though knowledge sanctified by Thee is
dear :

It is the will and power to love indeed ;
It is the constant thought that God is near.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Make us to be what we profess to be ;
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heartfelt
praise ;
From unreality oh ! set us free,
And let our words be echoed by our ways.
- 5 Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be turned :
Let every passion grieving Thee be stilled :
Then shall our race be won, our guerdons
earned,
Our Master looked on, and our joy fulfilled.

HENRY TWELLS, 1901.

243

7s.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire !
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive !
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. LONGFELLOW.

244

777.

- 1 COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.
- 2 Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy.
- 3 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.
- 4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.
- 5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.
- 6 Where Thou art not man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.
- 7 What is soiled make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchéd fructify;
- 8 What is rigid gently bend;
What is frozen warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.
- 10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

LATIN, *tr.* NEALE.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

245

C.M.

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won!
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. BARTON.

246

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

247

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

WATTS.

C.M.

248

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

249

L.M.

- 1 DWELL in me richly, blessed word,
So wise to teach, so safe to guide;
Come as my counsellor from God,
And evermore with me abide.
- 2 I need thy light, for I am dark,
And prone to go from God astray;
Be thou a lamp unto my feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.
- 3 I need thee when the days are bright,
And earthly things look fair and gay,
To point to treasures in the skies,
That cannot change, or fade away.
- 4 I need thee when my aching heart
Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care;
Through thee I may my Saviour's voice
In tones of gentlest comfort hear.
- 5 I need thee when my foes without,
And inward fightings try me sore,
To tell me of the blessed land
Where conflict shall disturb no more.
- 6 And when my happy home I reach,
A gladsome psalm my voice shall raise,
And all thy teachings shall unite
In the new song of thankful praise.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

250

76, Double.

- 1 **S**PEAK, for Thy servant heareth;
Thus give us grace, O Lord,
To listen and to answer
Whene'er Thy voice is heard;
Whether we wait expectant
Its sound to guide us home,
Or all unsought, unwelcome,
Its sudden warning come.
- 2 Above the whirl of traffic,
Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
Thy whispers soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts replying,
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear.
- 3 And in the latest conflict,
When strength and faith are low,
And all our schemes of comfort
Are baffled by the foe;
Amid life's feeble throbblings,
Yet nearer and more near,
May Thy sweet tones of solace
Speak, and Thy servants hear.

H. ALFORD.

[He charged us before God and His blessed angels, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of His holy word.—*Narrative of Pastor Robinson's Address to the Pilgrim Fathers.*]

- WE** limit not the truth of God
 1 To our poor reach of mind,
 By notions of our day and sect,
 Crude, partial, and confined;
 No, let a new and better hope
 Within our hearts be stirred;
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.
- 2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
 The oracles of heaven,
 For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
 And all the ages given;
 That universe, how much unknown!
 That ocean unexplored!
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.
- 3 Darkling our great forefathers went
 The first steps of the way;
 'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
 Into the perfect day.
 And grow it shall; our glorious sun
 More fervid rays afford;
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.
- 4 The valleys past, ascending still,
 Our souls would higher climb,
 And look down from supernal heights
 On all the bygone time.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

Upward we press; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

- 5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love;
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

G. RAWSON.

252

L.M.

- 1 **O** GOD! who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Wilt thou not still Thy people hear?
- 2 What though no answering voice is heard,
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known;
Enough the promises reveal;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire;
The sun is risen; the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

CONDER.

253

C.M.

- 1 **I**N the beginning was the word ;
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.
- 2 Thy word, O God ! is living yet
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.
- 3 And as that word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.
- 4 O word, that broke the stillness first,
Sound on, and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !
- 5 Till—wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And noise of battle stilled—
The world with Thy great music's pulse,
O word of love ! be thrilled.
- 6 Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou eternal Word !

S. LONGFELLOW.

254

- 1 **L**ORD Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. BAKER.

255

98, 98, 88.

- 1 **O** LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing,
Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might Thy glory half have known;
But Thou in Christ hast made us Thine,
And on us all Thy beauties shine.

THE PRESENT WORD OF GOD.

- 2 Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old;
Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.
- 3 Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth;
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.
- 4 Grant us, O Lord! in patience gleanings,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of all Thy Word's divinest lore;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.
- 5 Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee;
Keep Thou our souls, or there, or here,
In mightiest love, that casts out fear.

PLUMPTRE.

256

S.M.

- 1 I ASK a perfect creed!
O that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven!
- 2 Sure wisdom and pure light,
With lowly loving fear;
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,
The ever-listening ear.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 3 Calm faith, that grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie;
That hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.
- 4 The one whole truth I seek
In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life.
- 5 Truth, which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.
- 6 O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.
- 7 O truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star!

H. BONAR.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

257

S.M.

- 1 **N**OW is the accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, brethren, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 3 Now is the accepted time :
The gospel bids us come ;
And every promise in His word
Declares, — There yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant hearts
To seek the Saviour's love,
Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above.

258

76, 76, 76, 76.

- 1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us ;
To keep Him standing there !
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking ;
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred,
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait,
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !
- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ?
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. HOW,

259

77, 87, 87.

- 1 **K**NOCKING, knocking! who is there?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before;
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
 Wilt thou not undo the door?
- 2 Knocking, knocking! Still He's there,
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking! What, still there?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
 Yet, the piercé hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crownéd hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Master, waiting there.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

260

85, 83.

- 1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
 Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety;
 But of thorns."

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him?
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, &c. J. M. NEALE.

261

76, 76 Double.

- 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you Rest,"
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed.
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you Light,"
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you Life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. DIX.

262

L.M.

1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

2 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

3 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase;
Throw wide the door each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

GRIGG.*

263

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
 By the broken law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown ;
 Look to Jesus ;
 Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it ;
 Love will make obedience sweet ;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While His wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-opened eyes,
 Or full springs in deserts dreary
 Is the rest the cross supplies ;
 All who taste it
 Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 Blesséd are the eyes that see Him,
 Blest the ears that hear His voice ;
 Blesséd are the souls that trust Him,
 And in Him alone rejoice ;
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

264

55 11, 55 11.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by
 To Jesus draw nigh ;
 To you is it nothing your Saviour should die ?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety He is ;
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you His dear Son;
The Lord, in the day
Of His mercy did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He answered for all;
O come at His call,
And low at His feet in astonishment fall;
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

4 O lift up your eyes,
“ ’Tis finished !” He cries;
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, He dies.
My pardon I claim;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesu’s great name.

C. WESLEY.*

265

97, 97, 99.

1 **T**HERE were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd’s care.

2 “ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety-and-nine;
Are they not enough for Thee ?”
But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed thro',
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry---
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the
way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."
- 5 And all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His
own!"

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

266

C.M. Double.

- 1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh, come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. LYNCH.

267

87, 87, 47.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished !
Finished, the great sacrifice.
- 6 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

HART.*

268

- 1 **J**UST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst Thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at His cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

R. S. COOK.*

269

- 1 **B**EHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
- 2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 3 I would not plead with thee in vain,
Remember all My grief and pain !
I died to ransom thee from sin :
May I come in ? may I come in ?
- 4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace and love :
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

F. J. CROSBY.

270

87, 87.

- 1 **W**AS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather at His feet ?
- 2 It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father : and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
- 3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
- 4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 5 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all its members
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 7 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His Word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

271

12 11, Irregular.

- 1 **O** COME to the merciful Saviour who calls
you;
O come to the Lord, who forgives and for-
gets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that
befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.
- 2 O come, then, to Jesus, whose arms are ex-
tended
To fold all mankind in closest embrace.
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His glorious face.
- 3 O come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter,
The longer you look at the depth of His
love;
And fear not; 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow
lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory
above.

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 4 Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not; the mother who
bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood
you have spilt!
- 5 O come, then, to Jesus, and learn how to love
Him,
Come, trust in His promise, rejoice in His
grace;
The first cry for help and for mercy will move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

F. W. FABER.*

272

85, 83.

- 1 **D**OST thou bow beneath the burden
Of a crushing care?
Bring it to the feet of Jesus—
Lay it there.
- 2 What thy need? He can supply it:
Longing? He can grant:
In Him find exhaustless fulness
For each want.
- 3 Was there ever one that sought Him
Yet to be denied?
Hope has in His gracious presence
Never died.
- 4 Who has ever found Him faithless?
Who has found Him weak?
Multitudes His mighty praises
Joyful speak.

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

- 5 Agéd men and gentle maidens,
Young men, children sweet,
Lay their crowns of adoration,
At His feet.

G. T. COSTER.

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

273

L.M.

- 1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be!
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 With Thee and Thine for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

MONTGOMERY.*

274

L.M.

- 1 **O** THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care,
To find their blest redemption there.

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

- 2 Illumine those who blindly roam,
O call the wanderer kindly home;
The hearts astray that union crave,
And those in doubt confirm and save.
- 3 O that the deaf may hear Thy voice,
The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice;
The thankless heart its silence break,
And, taught by Thee, confession make.
- 4 Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal,
To all the hope of glory seal.
- 5 So they who sing Thy praise above
With us shall join in bonds of love;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
On earth, in heaven, for evermore.

J. HERMANN.

275

C.M.

- 1 COME, O Thou all victorious Lord,
O Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Convince us of our unbelief,
Reveal our ruined state;
Fill every heart with sacred grief,
Teach us our sins to hate.
- 3 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
Might turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

PRAYER FOR SUCCESS.

- 4 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

C. WESLEY.*

276

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **W**HENCE this flaming joy that maketh
Still more bright the angelic thrones?
Golden harps! O wherefore breaketh
This new sweetness from your tones?
What glad tidings
Make more glad the blessed ones?

- 2 Hath some glorious new world broken
On those rapt seraphic eyes?
Hath the Lord some secret spoken,
Bade some heavenlier vision rise?
Hath He brought them
Saintly souls to help their joys?

- 3 Look! that kneeling sinner mourneth,
Smitten with a saving pain;
Look! that trembling wanderer turneth
To the Father's house again;
Fast it falleth
From those eyes, the blessed rain.

4. Therefore grows the angels' gladness;
Therefore swells their song more sweet;
That sore shame, that mighty sadness,
With this sovereign joy they greet.
More effulgent,
Watch they those returning feet.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PENITENCE.

- 5 Shineth now a temple stately
Where so late a ruin lay;
Where the fiends were dwellers lately,
Angels there delight to stay.
How they welcome
This new heir of heaven to-day!
- 6 Yes, an outcast lone beginneth
In the Father's house to dwell;
Yes, a wounded sinner winneth
Of that joy they know full well;
Sweetest story,
Holy angel-lips may tell!

T. H. GILL.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PENITENCE.

277

L.M.

-
- 1 SHEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.*

278

L.M.

- 1 **S**TAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;
- 4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

279

S.M.

- 1 **O**PPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Oppressed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PENITENCE.

2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

BRONTË.

280

L.M.

1 **L**ORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till Thy spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is Thine.

3 With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PENITENCE.

4 Speak, gracious Lord; my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart.

C. WESLEY.

281

10 10 10 6.

1 **B**ECAUSE I knew not when my life was
good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy
threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my
life—
O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this
while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

- 1 NO! not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No! not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
"Jesus hath died."
- 2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson has been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin,
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.
- 3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away;
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.
- 4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.
- 5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

- 1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering, full and free,—
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some drops descend on me,
 Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be!
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favour;
 When Thou comest call for me,
 Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

284

7s. Double.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray
 Strength to seek a better way;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe our cherished sin;
 When our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale,
 When our tears bedew Thy word,
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
 On the restless bed, and sigh!
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
 From the thought of former ill;
 When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come;
 When is loosed the silver cord,
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

3 Lord, have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below!
 When our darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex and fears distress;
 When the earliest gleam is given
 Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
 Then Thy fostering grace afford,
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

MILMAN.*

285

85, 83.

1 JESUS, I so often need Thee,
 Do not go away;
 I would have Thee ever near me—
 Wilt Thou stay?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PENITENCE.

- 2 When I'm glad I want to tell Thee,
And I long to do
Something that I know will gladden
Jesus too.
- 3 When I'm sad, I want my sorrow
To be felt by Thee,
And I know that Thou hast pity
Just for me.
- 4 Often, when I really would not,
I do something wrong;
Jesus, pity Thou my weakness—
Make me strong.
- 5 Should the folly sorely grieve Thee
I regret to own,
Still, in folly do not leave me
Here alone.
- 6 Ever with Thee, still more like Thee
Growing day by day.
Soon, for very love, Thou wilt not
Go away.

W. H. PARKER.

286

64, 644.

- 1 LORD, others Thou hast sav'd,
L Save me! save me!
Lord, others as enslav'd
Thou hast set free;
Free me! free me!
- 2 Lord, others by Thy grace
Have "the new heart";
Lord, lift on me Thy face,
This gift impart!
Thou gracious art.

- 3 Lord, others daily grow
Like unto Thee;
Lord, grant me this to show;
Thee ever see
Near me! near me!
- 4 Lord, others know Thy rest
Thy "perfect peace";
Lord, take this tossing breast,
Cause fear to cease
In sweet release.
- 5 Lord, others "walk by faith,"
Thus would I walk;
Command Thou that "He saith"
May all doubts baulk.
So shall I be
For aye with Thee.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D.

287

66, 86.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.
- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery,
Be Thou my health and life.

FAITH.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

BISHOP SYNESIUS, 375-430, *tr.* A. W. CHATFIELD.

FAITH.

288

L.M.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesu's sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

289

1 NOT what these hands have done
 Can save this guilty soul;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
 Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do,
 Can give me peace with God;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
 Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
 Can ease this weight of sin;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
 To me can pardon speak;
 Thy power alone, O Son of God,
 Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God,
 I rest on love divine;
 And with unfaltering lip and heart,
 I call this Saviour mine.

7 My life with Him is hid,
 My death has passed away,
 My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day.

H. BONAR.

290

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Vile, I to the Fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.*

291

7777, 8888

- 1 **H**OLY off'rings, rich and rare,
 Offerings of praise and prayer,
 Purer life and purpose high,
 Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
 Lowly acts of adoration
 To the God of our salvation—
 On His altar laid we leave them :
 Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

251

2 Promises in sorrow made,
 Left, alas! too long unpaid;
 Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
 Never into action wrought—
 Long withheld, we now restore them,
 On Thy holy altar pour them :
 There in trembling faith to leave them,
 Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
 Love of self and human praise,
 Pride of life and lust of eye,
 Worldly pomp and vanity—
 Faults that let and will not leave us,
 Though their staying sorely grieve us,
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them;
 Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

4 Loveless life and joyless mood,
 Chill of cold ingratitude,
 When the world doth Christ betray,
 Following too far away,
 Sins which in the daily trial
 Lead too often to denial,
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them :
 Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
 Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
 Lowlier penitence for sin,
 More of Christ our souls within;
 Love which, when its life was newer,
 Burnt within us deeper, truer—
 Lost too long, while we deplore them,
 Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

6 To the Father and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Off'rings of imperfect praise,
 Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
 Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
 On Thine altar laid we leave them ;
 Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

292

8886.

1 **D**RAWN to the Cross which Thou hast
 blessed
 With healing gifts for souls distressed,
 To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

2 Stained with the sins which I have wrought
 In word and deed and secret thought,
 For pardon which Thy Blood hath bought,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

3 Weary of selfishness and pride,
 False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
 Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

4 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
 Thy grace abused, my misspent years ;
 Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

5 I would not, if I could, conceal
 The ills which only Thou canst heal ;
 So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
 Christ Crucified, I come.

FAITH.

- 6 Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.
- 7 And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.
- 8 To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

GENEVIEVE IRONS.

293

10 10 10 10.

- 1 **W**EARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
- 2 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Seems evil ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
“Repent, confess, and thou art loosed from
all.”
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to draw me
near,
And His the Blood, that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- 4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness,

FAITH.

- 5 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like that sweet word let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.*

294

76, Double

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accurséd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. BONAR.

295

1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
 The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleanséd be
 In Thy once opened Fount.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
 The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
 The heart I cannot read;
 A faithless, wandering thing,
 An evil heart indeed.
 I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
 That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
 The care I cannot flee;
 Thou wilt not only share,
 But bear it all for me.
 O loving Saviour, now to Thee
 I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
 The grief I cannot tell;
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well.
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
 The joys Thy love hath given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 For Thou hast purchased all for me.

FAITH.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be mine own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour, and my King!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

296

87, 87, 47.

- 1 JESUS! Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!
- 2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!
- 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

FAITH.

5 In the weary night of sickness,
In the time of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay.
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

J. J. CUMMINS.

297

8886.

1 "JUST as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 "Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

· FAITH.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

298

8884.

1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
Oh, make me clean!

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought:
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

5 So wash Thou me without, within—
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

WALTER C. SMITH.

299

- 1 JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day;
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 2 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 3 Keep us lowly, that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 4 On our darkness shed Thy light;
Lead our wills to what is right;
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 5 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 6 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 7 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow-creatures' weal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 8 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

FAITH.

9 Fix our hearts on things on high ;
Let no evil thoughts come nigh ;
Purge from sin our memory :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

POLLOCK.

300

10 10 10 10.

1 COME in, O come ! the door stands open now ;
O I knew Thy voice ; Lord Jesus, it was
Thou ;

The sun has set long since : the storms begin ;
'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour, O come in !

2 I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend ;
All were at best unseemly ; and 'twere ill,
Beyond all else, to keep Thee waiting still.

3 Then, as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in, and see my chamber as it is ;
I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name
Of Thy great glory and my want and shame.

4 Come, not to find, but make, this troubled
heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art ;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in !

H. C. G. MOULE.

301

664, 6664.

- 1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly-Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll:
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

302

C.M.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel, we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess :
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :—
Lord, I believe, with tears he cried,
O help my unbelief.
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered,—“ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may ;
O send us not despairing home ;
Send none unhealed away.

COWPER.*

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

303

88886.

-
- 1 **O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
 - 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
On Thee, my God, on Thee !

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 3 Thy glorious eye pervades all space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee!
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing;
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

OBERLIN, *tr.* MRS. D. WILSON.

304

S.M.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
L With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

C. WESLEY.

305

C.M.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME.

306

87.

1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary, come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once, the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 6 Father, take me, all-forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

RAY PALMER.

307

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I do, my Lord, my God,
To make my life worth more to Thee?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
Deep voices stir and summon me.
- 2 Through strange confusions of the time
I hear Thy beckoning call resound :
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.
- 3 My coward heart, my flagging feet,
They hold me in bewildering gloom :
'Come Thou my stumbling steps to meet,
And lift me unto larger room !
- 4 The dearest voice may lead astray :
Speak Thou ! Thy word my guide shall be,
Oh, not from life and men away,
But through them, with them, up to Thee.
- 5 It is not much these hands can do :
Keep Thou my spirit close to Thine,
Till every thought Thy love throbs through,
And all my words breathe truth divine !
- 6 With souls that seek Thy pure abode,
Let my unfaltering soul aspire !
Make me a radiance on the road ;
A bearer of Thy sacred fire !

LUCY LARCOM.

308

- 1 **O**H the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Pleäd in vain, and proudly answered :
" All of self, and none of Thee !"
- 2 Yet He found me : I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accurséd tree :
Heard Him pray, " Forgive them, Father !"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
" Some of self, and some of Thee !"
- 3 Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
" Less of self, and more of Thee !"
- 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered ;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
" None of self, and all of Thee !"

T. MONOD.

309

66, 86, 55, 76.

- 1 **I** HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 All hail, atoning Blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

L. HARTSOUGH.

310

7's.

- 1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love,
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,
- 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold,
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine,
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

311

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.
- 2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Lord, whose quickening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

SCHEFFLER, *tr.* J. WESLEY.*

312

C.M.

- 1 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all mine own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

- 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.

- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

H. BONAR.

313

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love;
 They saved the wandering one!

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul;
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child:
 I once preferred to roam,
 But now I love my Father's voice;
 I love, I love His home.

H. BONAR.

314

- 1 **O** NOT upon our waiting eyes,
 Lord, did the heavenly lustre break ;
 Not to our love's beseeching cries
 Did love divine slow answer make.
- 2 We made no haste to seek Thy face ;
 Thy angels found no listening ear ;
 We did not urge Thy lingering grace,
 Nor win Thy distant glory near.
- 3 O, no ! Thy voice was first to speak ;
 Thy glory, Lord, was swift to come ;
 Thy love made gracious haste to seek,
 And sweetly urge the wanderers home.
- 4 The heavenly glory would descend
 Ere angel-wings to us were given ;
 And love divine would earthward bend,
 To make our souls in love with heaven.
- 5 O if with holy fire we burn,
 'Tis from the flame celestial caught ;
 Yes, heavenward now we sometimes yearn,
 Since heaven our souls so sweetly sought.

T. H. GILL.

315

8886.

- 1 **O**UR wilful hearts have gone astray ;
 Our feet have wandered far away ;
 O God, remember not the day
 When we forsook Thy love.
- 2 O patient Eyes that saw us go !
 O careless hearts to grieve Him so !
 O feet so swift to leave, so slow
 When we came back to Love !

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

3 We followed far the wayward will;
Our eyes turned home from every hill;
They found Thee waiting, watching still,
When we came back to Love!

4 We found no home to east or west;
We bore no peace within the breast,
Until once more we were at rest,
When we came back to Love!

5 "Our Father!" Hallowed be the Name
That all within Thy house proclaim;
Their prayer and ours at last the same,—
Thy will be done, O Love!

LOUIS F. BENSON, D.D.

316

888, 888.

1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace!
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

C. WESLEY.

317

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name
Who turns Thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son.
- 4 Raised from the dead, we live anew!
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

WATTS.

318

S.M.

1 **N**OT to ourselves we owe
That we, O God, are Thine;
Jesus, the Sun, our night broke through,
And gave us light divine.

2 The Father's grace and love,
This blessed mercy gave,
And Jesus left the throne above,
The wandering sheep to save.

3 No more the heirs of wrath,
Bright days of peace we see;
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on Thee.

4 We drink the living stream
To all Thy children given,
The love which Thou hast made to beam
From Christ, the Heir of Heaven.

5 With the adopted band,
Soon shall we see Thee there;
With them and Him in glory stand,
And all His honours share.

319

C.M. Double.

1 **W**E love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidst the sun go forth
Rejoicing in His might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty with his light.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.
- 3 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,
Thou wast our Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not.
- 4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven;
Yes; much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

J. A. E.

C.M.

320

- 1 **W**E praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 Ah! leave us not; from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last,
Before Thy Father's throne;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own.

SPITTA, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

321

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I had wandered from His fold,
His love the wanderer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought;
- 2 Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
Is His through all its days;
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise;
- 3 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 4 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears;
- 5 Therefore the joy by Him restored,
To Him by right belongs;
And to my gracious, loving Lord
I'll sing through life my songs;
- 6 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore;
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

322

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun;
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 Now on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of the debt I owe.

MC.CHEYNE.*

1 **WE** saw Thee not when Thou didst come
 To this poor world of sin and death,
 Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
 In that despised Nazareth;
 But we believe Thy footsteps trod
 Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high,
 Amid that wild and savage crew;
 Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
 "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
 Yet we believe the deed was done,
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
 Where late Thy sacred body lay;
 Nor sat within that upper room,
 Nor met Thee in the open way;
 But we believe that angels said,
 "Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
 When Thou didst through the clouds
 ascend,
 First, lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
 Yet we believe that mortal eyes
 Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
 And thence Thy waiting people bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Doth shine upon our wilderness;
 But we believe Thy faithful word,
 And trust in our redeeming Lord.

J. H. GURNEY.

324

- 1 **L**ORD, I was blind : I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace ;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.
- 2 Lord, I was deaf : I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.
- 3 Lord, I was dumb : I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy Name ;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead ; I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.
- 5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. MATSON.

325

C.M. Double.

- 1 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

H. BONAR.

326

86, 86, 8886.

- 1 **M**Y faith, it is an oaken staff,
The trav'ler's well-belovéd aid;
My faith, it is a weapon stout,
The soldier's trusty blade :
I'll travel on, and still be stirred
By silent thought or social word,
By all my perils undeterred,
A soldier-pilgrim staid.
- 2 I have a Captain, and the heart
Of every private man
Has drunk in valour from his eyes
Since first the war began :
He is most merciful in fight,
And of his scars a single sight
The embers of our failing might
Into a flame can fan.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND DECLENSION.

- 3 I have a Guide, and in His steps
When travellers have trod,
Whether beneath was flinty rock,
Or yielding grassy sod,
They cared not, but with force unspent,
Unmoved by pain, they onward went,
Unstayed by pleasures, still they bent
Their zealous course to God.
- 4 My faith, it is an oaken staff,
Oh, let me on it lean ;
My faith, it is a trusty sword,
May falsehood find it keen !
Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart,
Oh, make me what Thou ever art,—
Of patient and courageous heart,
As all true saints have been.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND
DECLENSION.

327

C.M.

-
- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God,
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND DECLENSION.

- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORRISON.

328

7775.

- 1 **T**HOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.
- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.
- 4 Others long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.
- 5 There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair;
Save me, or I die.

- 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

J. D. BURNS.

329

C.M.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

WATTS.

330

C.M.

- 1 **O** **HELP** us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour, on earth, we live.
- 2 **O** help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 **O** help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 **O** help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

MILMAN.

331

C.M.

- 1 **G** **REAT** Father, well Thou know'st that oft
We find the world too strong;
That powers at deadly war with faith
Around our pathway throng.
- 2 When things of sense their claims assert
With such a royal mien,
'Tis hard to keep all homage back
For majesties unseen.
- 3 Self-hardened towards diviner things,
Each day men own them less;
While through their being steals the plague
Of utter worldliness.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND DECLENSION.

- 4 Oh keep us, Lord, from such a doom !
Oh grant us power and love,
What lies before us here to do,
But fix our hearts above.
- 5 Amid the transient make us true
To that which knows no end ;
Let holy thoughts and acts of faith
With earthly business blend :
- 6 So shall the beauty of our God
Beam o'er us every day ;
And this poor handiwork be rich
In fruits that ne'er decay.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

332

C.M.

- 1 **T**WIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go ;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
- 2 No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day ;
But Thou, O Lord ! Thou changest not :
The same Thou art alway.
- 3 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest ;
I lose my hold, and then come down
Darkness and cold unrest.
- 4 Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,—
In this alone rejoice with awe ;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND DECI.ENSION.

- 5 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.
- 6 Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy Almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.
- 7 The purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know ;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go ;
- 8 Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul ;
Nor lorn when clouds o'ercast ;
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

J. CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

C.M.

333

- 1 **O**F all the precious gifts, O Lord,
Thy mercy can impart,
Whate'er Thou wilt to withhold,
O grant a perfect heart.
- 2 Behold us, how we feebly float
Through many a changing mood ;
How oft one flash of thought annuls
Our firmest choice of good.
- 3 We sin, repent, and fondly think
Our hill is now made strong ;
Our state of grace, restored, abides —
Thou knowest, Lord, how long.
- 4 Alas, for prayer-made purposes
That live not half the day —
For goodness like the morning cloud,
Like dews that pass away !

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION AND DECLENSION.

- 5 O take our incoherent wills,
And set them straight with Thine,
Our broken threads of moral life
In one strong whole combine.
- 6 Make us each day more fixed in love,
To Thee more simply given,
Till perseverance lands us safe
In Thine unchanging heaven.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

334

7s. Double.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany.

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry;
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany.

SIR R. GRANT.

335

7s.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thy sinful child
 Though Thy law is reconciled,
 By Thy pardoning grace I live;
 Daily still I cry, Forgive.
- 2 Though my ransom-price He paid
 Upon whom my guilt was laid,
 Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
 Full remission I entreat.
- 3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
 Debts I cannot hope to pay,
 Duties I have left undone,
 Evils I have failed to shun;
- 4 Trespasses in word or thought;
 Deeds from evil motive wrought;
 Cold ingratitude, distrust;
 Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

5 Gracious Lord, and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

CONDER.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

336

L.M.

1 **O** HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.*

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

337

C.M.

1 **T**OO dearly, Lord, hast Thou redeemed
Not somewhat to be loved;
Thy grace hath too divinely streamed
To leave my soul unmoved.

2 Yes, more than once my lips have said,
I will Thy servant be;
Yes, more than once my soul hath made
A holy league with Thee.

3 For ever stand Thy promises,
Eternal is Thy love;
Thine everlasting faithfulness
Doth my weak vows reprove.

4 How often o'er my broken word
These shaméd eyes have wept!
How oft has this sad heart deplored
The covenant ill kept!

5 Again my service I engage:
I pledge my love once more;
Again Thy warfare would I wage,
But better than before.

6 Lord, for Thy faithfulness I yearn;
For Thy true love I pant;
Of Thee, of Thee I fain would learn
To keep the covenant.

T. H. GILL.

338

L.M.

1 **J**ESUS, our best-belovéd Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend;
Baptise us with Thy Spirit's fire.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

- 2 On Thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each Thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts; our hearts are Thine;
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare:
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

MONTGOMERY.

339

C.M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I do for Thee, my Lord,
What shall I do for Thee?
O speak some simple, guiding word,
And show Thy will to me.
- 2 I cannot do the things I would,
They are so great and high:
I fear I do not what I could,
So negligent am I.
- 3 And yet my inmost heart's desire
Is firm and steady still:
O'er all things else my hopes aspire
To know and do Thy will.

RENEWAL OF DEDICATION.

- 4 If Thou wilt fill my longing breast
With love and zeal like Thine,
Pain shall be ease and work be rest.
And angels' joys be mine.

W. F. CALLAWAY.

340

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, whom I love, to Thee I give
My soul, my life, my all;
To Thee would I devoted live,
And ne'er the gift recall.
- 2 Let every action, thought, and word
To Thy sole glory tend;
And may I follow Thee, my Lord,
Until this life shall end.
- 3 Impress Thine image on my heart,
Let nothing else appear;
Thy meek and lowly mind impart,
And let me feel Thee near.
- 4 If e'er to folly I incline,
My wandering feet restore,
That I may cleave to things divine
More firmly than before.
- 5 Strengthened by Thy good Spirit's might,
May I not run in vain;
But ever watch, and pray, and fight,
And still the field retain.
- 6 Thus urge me on to run the race
Appointed here below,
Until in heaven I see Thy face,
Nor from Thy presence go.

341

87, Double.

- 1 **C**OME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O! the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

LONGING FOR GOD.

342

C.M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 4 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY.

343

C.M.

- 1 GOD not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.
- 2 For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.
- 3 Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.
- 4 And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with His glory shine !
- 5 Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The in-dwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of His own.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 6 O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling place,
And be Thy daily Friend !
- 7 Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

344

C.M.

- 1 **A**T cool of day, with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade ;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.
- 2 I see His presence in the night,—
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.
- 3 He speaks to me in every wind,
He smiles from every star ;
He is not deaf to me, nor blind,
Nor absent, nor afar.
- 4 His hand, that shuts the flowers to sleep,
Each in its dewy fold,
Is strong my feeble life to keep,
And competent to hold.
- 5 I cannot walk in darkness long,—
My light is by my side ;
I cannot stumble or go wrong,
While following such a Guide.
- 6 He is my stay and my defence ;—
How shall I fail or fall ?
My helper is Omnipotence !
My ruler ruleth all.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 7 The powers below and powers above
Are subject to His care :—
I cannot wander from His love
Who loves me everywhere.
- 8 Thus dowered, and guarded thus, with Him
I walk this peaceful shade ;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

345

67, 67, 6666.

- 1 “**W**HERE is your God?” they say :
Answer them, Lord most holy !

Reveal Thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly :
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire ;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent high desire.

- 2 Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder :
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder ;—
Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit, still ;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
As shadows of Thy will.

- 3 O God ! the pure alone,—
E’en in their deep confessing,—
Can see Thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing :
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in Thy still small voice,
Till broken love’s made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

346

- 1 **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my God,—
 E'en to Thy seat I come;
 I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
 And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
 With sunlight in my soul;
 I hear the storms in vales beneath,—
 I hear the thunders roll:—
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
 Beneath these glorious skies;
 And to the height on which I stand,
 Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life, O this is joy,
 My God, to find Thee so!
 Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
 And all Thy love to know.

G. B. BUBIER.

347

6666.

- 1 **M**Y spirit longs for Thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Unworthy though I be,
 Of so divine a Guest.
- 2 Of so divine a Guest,
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest
 Unless it come from Thee.
- 3 Unless it come from Thee,
 In vain I look around;
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blesséd love :
O let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above.

JOHN BYROM.

348

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blesséd gifts
I praise ;—but Thee I love.
- 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
Besides, I ask not aught ;
If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
All that I find is nought.
- 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.
- 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee, as my final end :—
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

G. B. BUBIER.

349

64, 64, 664.

- 1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. ADAMS.

C.M.

350

¹ O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend:
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee :
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

RYLAND.

351

S.M.

- 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind,
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 4 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

352

C.M.

- 1 COME to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.
- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my Heaven in Thee.

C. WESLEY.*

353

C.M.

- 1 O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be;
We take the glory for our own;
Lord, we are seeking Thee.
- 2 Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word;
Not only midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.
- 3 We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 4 We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair;
But in the world Thy presence ask,
And seek Thy glory there.
- 5 Would we against some wrong be bold,
And break some yoke abhorred?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord!
- 6 Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free—
The world our calling doth mistake;
Lord, we are seeking Thee.

T. H. GILL.

354

6666, 4444.

1 **U**NTO thy rest return,
Thou wandering soul of mine;
O, weary soul and worn,
Regain the arms divine.
Unto thy God
Make haste again:
Lay down thy load,
And lose thy pain.

2 Has toil thy strength o'erwrought?
Has strife thy peace o'ercome?
Has the world weakness brought?
Go, rest thyself at home.
Take with thy Lord
New heart and might;
Regain the sword,
Renew the fight!

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 3 Have creatures wrung thy breast,
And wronged that love of thine?
Back to the heavenly rest,
Back to the arms divine!
There take delight,
There sweetly prove
Each depth, each height
Of sovereign love.
- 4 Alas! this slow return!
Alas! this brief abode!
Still vainly must I yearn
To stay with Thee, my God?
Thine arms of love
Thou openest wide:
Still must I rove,
And ne'er abide?
- 5 Thou sweetly dost compel;
I bring Thee, Lord, my heart;
I come with Thee to dwell,
No more from Thee to part;
No more to roam,
Of Thee possessed,
The Eternal Home,
The Eternal Rest!

T. H. GILL.

C.M.

355

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

LONGING FOR GOD.

- 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.
- 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay.
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

STEELE.

356

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND
KEEPING.

357

— 6s. Eight lines.

1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward, to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine! so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

3 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

H. BONAR.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep,
 Through this weary wilderness.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread;
 Give the strength we sorely lack;
 There are tangled paths to thread;
 Light us, lest we miss the track.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die;
 Grant us grace to persevere.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades,
 Decked with golden-fruited trees.
 Sunny slopes and scented shades;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
 Holy Jesu, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

1 **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
 For only, Lord, from Thee
 Can come the light by which these eyes
 The way of work can see.

2 In plainest things I daily err,
 When walking in the light
 The wisdom of this world affords,
 However fair and bright.

3 In word and plan and deed I err,
 When busiest in Thy work:
 Beneath the simplest forms of truth
 The subtlest errors lurk.

4 The way is narrow, often dark,
 With lights and shadows strewn;
 I wander oft, and think it Thine,
 When walking in mine own.

5 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
 And pleasant is the way;
 But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
 All prone to go astray.

6 Oh! send me light to do Thy work,
 More light, more wisdom give!
 Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
 While on Thine earth I live.

7 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord!
 It is Thy race we run;
 Give light, and then shall all I do
 Be well and truly done.

H. BONAR.

360

104, 104, 10 10.

1 **L**EAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Should'st lead me on,

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

361

L.M.

1 **T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,

And give me an obedient mind,

That in Thy service I may find

My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,

And so control my thoughts and deeds,

That I may tread the path which leads

Right onward to the blessed land.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
- 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.
- 5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. T. MATSON.

362

10s.

- 1 **L**EAD us, O Father! in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living
way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and
hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

- 1 **T**HOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me";
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.
- 2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!
- 3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?
- 4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?
- 5 O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore
And help to follow Thee!
- 6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.
- 7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

364

55, 88, 55.

1 JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

ZINZENDORF, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

365

87, 87, 47.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAMS.

366

C.M. Double.

1 FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-times shall end,
And heavenly peace be won !
We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God !

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise.
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure !

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

W. J. IRONS.

367

7s.

- 1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever blessed Three in One;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.
- 2 Christ, whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill;
Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 3 Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 4 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 5 Thou whose will it is that we
Should from death return to Thee,
And should live eternally,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!
- 6 In all poverty and wealth,
In all sickness and in health,
Ever from the Tempter's stealth,
Save us, Holy Jesus!

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 7 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesus!
- 8 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus!
- 9 That to sin for ever dead
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus!
- 10 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, Jesus!

368

7s.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie.
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing Thee.
- 4 Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.
- 6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

CONDER.

369

87s. Double.

- 1 **O** HOW kindly Thou hast led us,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found our dwelling, clothed and fed us,
Furnished friends to cheer our way!
Didst Thou bless us, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod?
'Twas that still our steps might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to our God.
- 2 O how slowly have we often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!
Make us for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep us in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call us home, O God!

GRINFIELD.

370

C.M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! we look to Thee;
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply ;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

MERRICK.

371

65, 65, Double.

- 1 PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find ;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.
- 2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain ;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.
- 3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. VON GOETHE, *tr.* ANON.

372

10 10 10 10 10 10.

- 1 I DARED not hope that Thou wouldst deign
to come,
And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home,
That Thou wouldst deign, O King of kings,
to be
E'en for one hour a sojourner in me;
Yet art Thou always here to help, and bless,
And lift the load of my great sinfulness.
- 2 I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
To walk with me my faltering steps beside,
To help me when I fall, and when I stray
Constrain me gently to the better way;
Yet art Thou always at my side to be
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.
- 3 I do not always go where Thou dost lead,
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within :
Yet dost Thou not, though grieved, from me
depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

DR. E. HATCH.

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm,
Or, its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm ?
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
When heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

374

11 10, 11 10.

1 **F**ATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing
 flows ;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the
 morrow :
 Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before
 us,
 When the vain cares that vex our life in-
 crease—
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art
 o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3 Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness
 leaning,
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper mean-
 ing,
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us
 strong.

375

L.M.

1 **T**HOU Thine eternal arms, O God,
 Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
 From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
 From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
 A guard through helpless years to be ;
 O leave not our maturer days,
 We still are helpless without Thee !

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 3 We trusted hope and pride and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was
vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length—
We come to Thee, O Lord! again.
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

376

88886.

- 1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. MATHESON.

377

10 4, 10 4, 10 10.

1 **L**IGHT of the world, faint were our weary
feet

With wandering far;
But Thou didst come our lonely hearts to greet,
O Morning Star;
And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high,
To see the glory of the glowing sky.

2 In days long past we missed our homeward
way;

We could not see;
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to
stray;

How blind to Thee!
But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy plight;
And Thou didst touch our eyes, and give them
sight.

3 Now hallelujahs rise along the road

Our glad feet trod;
Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load;
There's light o'erhead;
Glory to Thee whose love hath led us on,
Glory for all the great things Thou hast done.

4 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy
victory,

Where all the pain,
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee
Hath rent in twain?

Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come
To light and love in Thine eternal home.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

378

10s.

- 1 **T**EACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away :
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of Life :
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
strife.
- 3 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet ;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
- 4 Teach me to live ! no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
- 5 Teach me to live ! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

ELLEN E. BURMAN.

379

87, 87.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer ;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

- 3 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly rest and stay;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our Guide;
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be Thou at our side.

MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

380

7775.

- 1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
 G When we humbly seek Thy face,
 Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
 Hear, forgive and save.
- 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
 Spread our wants before Thy feet,
 Pleading at the mercy-seat :
 Look from heaven and save.
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
 And we long to do Thy will,
 Turning to Thy holy hill :
 Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
 And our love to Thee grow cold,
 With a pitying eye behold :
 Lord, forgive and save.
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
 Earthly care and want distress,
 May our souls Thy peace possess,
 Jesus, hear and save.
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
 When we lift our hearts to Thee,
 From our burden set us free :
 Hear, forgive and save.

MRS. MORRIS.

- 1 **I**F thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
- 2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love have sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 4 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.
- 5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shall find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

382

7s. Six Lines.

- 1 **W**HEN arise the thoughts of sin ;
When the world our hearts would win ;
When to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—
Lord, we would remember Thee :
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.
- 2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go ;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest,—
Lord, we would remember Thee :
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.
- 3 When the way grows dark and drear ;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night,—
Lord, we would remember Thee :
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

W. GASKELL.

383

55, 88, 55.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Brother, Friend,
Guide us to the end !
Where Thou art, the weakest sadness
Wins the strength of love and gladness ;
Life is victory
If 'tis lived in Thee.
- 2 If inglorious ease,
Or if wealth should please,
If the world and all its fleeting,
Should allure us, soft entreating,
Let Thy holy cry
Bid us rather die !

LONGING FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND KEEPING.

3 When our life is gray,
Cold and dull our day;
When o'er dusty ways we're faring,
Hoping half, and half despairing,
Quicken us with good,
Joy and fortitude!

4 If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us Thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

5 When with shame and sin
We are tossed within,
May we hear Thy voice from Eden—
"Come to me, O heavy laden,
I will give you rest
On my Father's breast."

6 When sweet earth and skies
Fade before our eyes,
When through death we look to heaven,
And our sins are all forgiven,
From Thy bright abode
Call us home to God!

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

384

L.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I pray for power to take
And use the things I have aright;
For strength and wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.
- 2 I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 3 And though I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet ;
- 4 Yet grant that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
In the unbottomed sea of doubt :
- 5 But rising over sin and strife,
May thine own peace be shed on me,
Till Thou be found in all my life,
And all my life be given to Thee.

PHOEBE CARY.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

385

L.M.

-
- 1 **P**EACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave ;
The peace of God, which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ, which changeth not.
- 2 Peace, like the river's gentle flow,
Peace, like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied
An endless and unebbing tide.
- 3 Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who by His reconciling blood
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.
- 4 Peace through the night and through the day,
Peace through all windings of our way ;
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

5 O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below !
O God of peace, Thy peace impart
To every troubled, trembling heart.

6 Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own ;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H. BONAR.

386

86, 886.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways !
Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives, Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above !
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love !

3 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
As fell thy manna down.

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease :
Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. WHITTIER.

387

11 10, 11 10.

- 1 **O**H, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and
smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for-
ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"
- 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong,
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest
song.
- 3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary steps through miry
ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.
- 4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains
fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to
trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for-ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

388

C.M.

- 1 **W**E bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

J. BOOTH.

389

C.M.

- 1 **C**ALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the crowded street.
- 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
- 5 Calm when the great world's news, with power,
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.
- 6 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

H. BONAR.

390

8884.

- 1 **F**ROM fretful care and worldly strife,
From every low unworthy quest,
Amid the needful toil of life,
Lord, give us rest!
- 2 When coward love and envious fear
Have left us burdened and distressed,
O, then in pity, Lord, draw near
To give us rest!
- 3 When hard beset by hungry need,
And in the battle sorely pressed,
From base ambition, aimless greed,
Lord, give us rest!

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 4 When life seems cruel, death unkind,
And chill despair our only guest;
Yet lead us, poor, and sick, and blind,
Into Thy rest!
- 5 When darkness covers earthly things,
And heaven is sunless in the west,
Then gather us beneath Thy wings,
To give us rest!

ANNIE MATHESON.

391

C.M.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

WATTS.

392

666666, 4, 10.

1 **W**E ask for Peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy Peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That thro' bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

2 We ask for Peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy,
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

3 We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long struggling life:
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what men may call
Our wasted might,—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 4 It is Thine own, O Lord ;
Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap :
They lean on Thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest :
Give us that Peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,--

Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

393

C.M.

- 1 **T**HREE happy souls, who, born from
heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne :
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band ;
In solitude with Thee.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

DODDRIDGE.*

394

C.M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.
- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light;
- 3 Until released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upwards springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become
United Lord to Thee,
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

BATHURST.

395

C.M.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
L To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 3 O that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

C. WESLEY.

396

C.M. Double.

- 1 LORD! in this awful fight with sin
I would not just prevail;
Against each lust, so strong within,
I would not almost fail.
Full, gladsome, glorious victory
Should crown the holy war;
Lord! I would triumph well—would be
A more than conqueror.
- 2 I would not just the world o'ercome;
Prevail, then weary lie;
Nor helplessly regain my home,
Half slain by victory.
I would o'ercome, and still be strong;
Would still have strength to spare;
Yes, raise my shout Thy host among,
A more than conqueror.
- 3 From sorrow's stroke I would not rise,
And mournfully pass on,
Not lone my heart, not sad mine eyes,
As though my God were gone;
His pilgrim would be glad and strong,
All through the vale of tears;
Yes! set each sorrow to a song
Meet for glad angel-ears.

- 4 Shall this divinely-urgéd heart
 Half toward its glory move?
 What! shall I love in part—in part
 Yield to the Lord of love?
 O sweetest freedom, Lord, to be
 Thy love's full prisoner!
 Take me all captive; make of me
 A more than conqueror.

T. H. GILL.

397

S.M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hearest prayer.

- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do;
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew;

- 3 Give me a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease;
 Never to wander from Thy way,
 Never to lose Thy peace.

- 4 Give me a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To Thee and Thy great name;

- 5 A jealous, just concern
 For Thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn,
 And glorify Thy grace.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

6 I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

7 In Thee may I abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. WESLEY.*

398

7s

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
To Thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God ;
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 4 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee ;
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Christ be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

ANNA DOBER, *tr.* J. WESLEY

399

L.M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, if Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

400

7s.

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will—Thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-belovéd Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

MONTGOMERY.

401

S.M.

1 **B**LESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King ;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

5 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

JOHN KEBLE.*

402

L.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Glory, we would know
The richest gifts Thine hands bestow,
The hope of our high calling see,
And scan our immortality.
- 2 The exceeding greatness of Thy power
To us-ward who believe, secure,
The depths of love Thy wisdom planned,
The works and wonders of Thy hand.
- 3 This was the power in Jesus wrought,
When from the dead the Son was brought,
Then set at God's right hand on high,
Above all principality.
- 4 Above dominion, might, and name,
Of noblest rank, or widest fame,
Is this our earthly, fading home,
Or worlds or kingdoms yet to come.

403

C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new best name of Love.

C. WESLEY.*

404

L.M.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same;
- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou!)
Whate'er we hope by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in Thy name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

C. WESLEY.

405

1 **O** LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

H. BONAR.

406

L.M. Six lines.

1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry!

TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

407

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my will no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call—
Spirit of burning, come !
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
When, purified by grace,
I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

C. WESLEY.

408

C.M.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus, Lord of love,
To Thee we humbly bow :
Thy children we, redeemed by Him,
May call Thee Father now !
- 2 According to Thy gracious word,
Thy Spirit's might impart :
Our trembling faith increase, that Christ
May dwell in every heart.

LONGING FOR PEACE AND HOLINESS.

- 3 Let love within us sweetly grow,
And strengthen every hour;
That, loving, we may learn His love,
And feel its quickening power;
- 4 With saints above may know that love
Which passes mortal thought,
Transcends an angel's tongue to tell,
But given to us—unbought!
- 5 So, Lord, with Thine own fulness filled,
And blest beyond our prayer,
Now in Thy church, and soon in heaven,
We will Thy praise declare.

R. A. BERTRAM.

409

S.M.

- 1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day.
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief.

H. BONAR.

SUBMISSION.

8884.

410

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done !
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;
Thy will be done !
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done !
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
Thy will be done !
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
Thy will be done !

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH ELLIOTT.

411

- 1 **T**HY will be done ! In devious way
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,—
 Thy will be done !
- 2 Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
 This prayer will make it more divine,—
 Thy will be done !
- 3 Thy will be done ! Though shrouded o'er
 Our path with gloom ; one comfort—one—
 Is ours : to breathe, while we adore,
 Thy will be done !
- 4 Thy will be done—above—below—
 Here and hereafter. We have none
 Holier desires to proffer—no !
 Thy will be done !

SIR J. BOWRING.

412

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart :
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art ;
 Make me as a little child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?

SUBMISSION.

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own :
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

NEWTON.*

413

C.M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?—
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

SUBMISSION.

- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway :
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

414

C M. Six lines.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

SUBMISSION.

- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 Briers beset our every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.
- 7 In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

A. L. WARING.*

415

S.M. Double.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

SUBMISSION.

- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might,
 His every act pure blessing is;
 His path unsullied light.
 When He makes bare his arm
 What shall His work withstand?
 When He His people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay His hand?
- 3 Leave to His sovereign will
 To choose, and to command;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong His hand.
 Thou comprehend'st Him not;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as Sovereign on the throne;
 He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to Thee.
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand;
 Confirm the feeble knee;
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly Thy truth declare;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

GERHARD, *tr.* J. WESLEY.*

416

86, 86, 88.

- 1 **A** H! grieve not so, nor so lament,
 My soul! nor troubled sigh,
 Because some joys to others sent
 Thy Father may deny;
 Take all as love that seems severe,
 There is no want if God is near.

SUBMISSION.

- 2 There is no right thou canst demand,
No title thou canst claim,
For all are strangers in the land
Who bear the human name;
Earth and its treasures are the Lord's,
And He the lot of each accords.
- 3 How thankless art thou, child of man !
For favours that abound ;
Thy God has given thee eyes to scan
The glory all around ;
Yet seldom for this priceless sight,
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.
- 4 Thou was not born that earth should be
A portion fondly sought ;
Look up to heaven, and smiling see
Thy shining golden lot !
Honours and joys which thou shalt share
Unending and unenvied there !
- 5 Then journey on to life and bliss,
God will protect to heaven ;
And every good that meets thee is
A blessing wisely given.
If losses come—so let it be,
The God of heaven remains with thee.

PAUL GERHARD, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

417

S.M.

- 1 **T**HOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true !
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.
- 2 With sacred toils o'erpressed,
I sink in welcome sleep ;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

TRUST.

3 Soon finds each fevered day
And each chill night its bourn ;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.

4 But, be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,
Thou art my Health, my Sun, my Song,
My Glory, and my God !

5 Thy smiling face lights mine ;
If veiled, it makes me sad ;
Even tears in darkness star-like shine,
And morning finds me glad !

6 For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love !

7 Hours spent with pain and Thee,
Lost hours have never seemed ;
No ; those are lost, which but might be
From earth, for heaven redeemed !

8 Its limit, its relief,
Its hallowed issues, tell
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well !

W. M. BUNTING.

TRUST.

418

6666, 88.

1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep ;
He knoweth who are His,
And watcheth o'er His sheep.
Away with every anxious fear ;
I cannot want while He is near.

TRUST.

- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.
- 3 He leads Himself the way
His faithful flock should take.
Them who His voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
For He has pledged His holy name;
He who for ever is the same.
- 4 Let me but feel Him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.
- 5 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song:
Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
And tune my dying tongue;
Until my ransomed soul shall rise,
To praise Him better in the skies.

JOSIAH CONDER.

419

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me for His mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

TRUST.

- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
- 5 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger and a guest,
But like a child at home.

WATTS.

S.M.

420

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

TRUST.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

WATTS.

421

L.M. Six Lines.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ADDISON.

422

- 1 **T**HE God of Love my Shepherd is,
 My gracious, constant guide;
 I shall not want: for I am His;
 In all supplied.
- 2 In His green pastures do I feed,
 And there lie down at will;
 He leads me, whensoe'er I need
 By waters still.
- 3 His tenderness restores my soul,
 When sick and faint I roam;
 The wandering one He maketh whole,
 And bears me home.
- 4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread
 No evil will I fear;
 Thy rod and staff dispel the dread:
 I feel Thee near.
- 5 Thy grace astounds my demon foes;
 True oil of joy is mine;
 My cup of comfort overflows
 With care Divine.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my days
 For me do all things well;
 Till I, in heaven's great house of praise
 For ever dwell.

G. RAWSON.

423

C.M. Double.

- 1 **A**S helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm;
 So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To Thine almighty power.

TRUST.

- 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.
- 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

J. D. BURNS.

424

10 10.

- 1 **P**EA**C**E, perfect peace, in this dark world of
sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?
On Jesu's bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away?
In Jesu's keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

TRUST.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall
cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

425

S.M.

1 MY times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified!
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust to Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

W. F. LLOYD.

426

- 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.

427

C.M.

- 1 **I** BOW before Thy will, O God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.

TRUST.

- 2 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 3 Siding with God I always win,
No chance to me is lost;
His will is sweetest to me when
It triumphs at my cost.
- 4 Ills that God blesses are my good;
All unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His dear will.
- 5 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 6 I have no cares, O blessed Lord!
My cares Thou makest Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 7 And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And patient waits on Thee.

LATIN HYMN, *tr.* F. W. FABER.*

428

C.M.

- 1 **M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

TRUST.

- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesu's pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives—the ransomed sing—
That lives no more to die.
- 6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the heavens come down,
And bear my soul away.

ALLEN.

429

85, 83.

- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

TRUST.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

430

L.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.
- 2 For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine, that all things sways.
- 3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.
- 4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

431

65, Double.

- 1 **O** LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
When the mourner weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

TRUST.

- 2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes.
He will help from heaven
When our spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- 3 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness,
We in heaven shall know.
- 4 On Thy truth relying,
In the mortal strife
Lord, receive us, dying
To eternal life.
Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour;
Fill us with Thy love.

OSWALD, *tr.* F. E. COX.*

432

76, Double.

- ¹ I N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

TRUST.

- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

D.C.M.

433

- 1 I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.
- 2 These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,
Can I but turn to Thee,
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

TRUST.

3 If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow :
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now !

MISS A. BRONTË

434

86 86, 88.

- 1 **A**S much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had.
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad;
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.
- 2 The manger was His infant bed;
His home the mountain cave :
He had not where to lay His head,
He borrowed e'en His grave;
Earth yielded Him no resting spot;
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.
- 3 As much the world's good will I share,
Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear—
Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.
- 4 Why should I court my Master's foe ?
Why should I fear its frown ?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown ?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

JOSIAH CONDER.

435

- 1 **A**LL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !
- 2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;
- 3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;
- 4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;
- 5 That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;
- 6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;
- 7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

WHITTIER.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O dear dear Saviour !
 My spirit turns for rest,
 My peace is in Thy favour,
 My pillow on Thy breast;
 Though all the world deceive me,
 I know that I am Thine,
 And Thou wilt never leave me,
 O blesséd Saviour mine.
- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
 On Thee my hope relies,
 O Thou whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies;
 O Thou whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then for ever bound me
 With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dulness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fulness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;
 My joy is in Thy beauty
 Of holiness divine,
 My comfort in the duty
 That binds my life to Thine.
- 4 O for that choicest blessing
 Of living in Thy love,
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above;
 O for the bliss that by it
 The soul securely knows,
 The holy calm and quiet
 Of faith's serene repose.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

1 **B**E still, my soul ; the Lord is on thy side ;
 Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain ;
 Leave to thy God to order and provide ;

In every change He faithful will remain.
 Be still, my soul ; thy best, thy Heavenly
 Friend
 Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul ; thy God doth undertake
 To guide the future as He has the past,
 Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake ;
 All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
 Be still, my soul ; the waves and winds shall
 know
 His voice, Who ruled them while He dwelt
 below.

3 Be still, my soul : when dearest friends depart,
 And all is darkened in the vale of tears.
 Then thou shalt better know His love, His
 heart,
 Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears,
 Be still, my soul : thy Jesus can repay
 From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul : the hour is hastening on
 When we shall be for ever with the Lord ;
 When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
 Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
 Be still, my soul : when change and tears are
 past,
 All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

438

- 1 **I** VEXED me with a troubled thought,
That God might be
A God whose mercy must be bought
With misery.
- 2 But there's no wrath to be appeased
In heaven above;
No wrath with bitter anguish pleased,
For God is Love.
- 3 No pleasure from our suffering
The Lord could steal,
Or anguish of the meanest thing
He made to feel.
- 4 But on Himself the grief He took,
The pain and loss
And shame of sin, and its rebuke
Upon the cross.
- 5 For love rejoiceth not in pain
Of good or bad,
But beareth all, and still is fain
To make us glad.
- 6 Love circles us with mercies sweet,
And guides our way,
And sheds its light around our feet
By night and day.
- 7 O love of Jesus! love of heaven!
O holy Dove,
Teach all the ransomed and forgiven,
That God is Love.

W. C. SMITH

439

- 1 **O** LORD, how happy should we be,
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.
- 2 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.
- 3 How far from this our daily life!
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden, wild alarms;
 O could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine almighty arms!

J. ANSTICE.

440

64, 64.

- 1 **W**HY are we grieving
 If to the Lord
 Still we are cleaving,
 Keeping His word?
- 2 Are we not dying
 Daily at best?
 Will not all sighing
 Soon be at rest?
- 3 Ever to cheer us
 On to the end,
 Jesus is near us
 He is our friend.

TRUST.

- 4 Has He not sought us
When far astray?
Has He not brought us
Still on our way?
- 5 Foes might assail us,
Fears might oppress;
When did He fail us
In our distress?
- 6 Why are we grieving,
If to the Lord
Still we are cleaving,
Keeping His word?

GRINFIELD.

441

L.M.

- 1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple words the more.
- 3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.
- 4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above;
And count the very Cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- 5 O grant us light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

TRUST.

6 O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. TUTTIETT.

442

87, 87, Double.

1 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun,
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

B. S. INGEMANN, *tr.* S. BARING-GOULD.

443

1 **L**EAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee :
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy :
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

444

C.M. Six lines.

1 **G**O not far from me, O my strength,
 Whom all my times obey ;
 Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
 But go not Thou away,—
 And let the storm that does Thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

TRUST.

- 2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.
- 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.
- 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay.
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
- 5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified.
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.
- 6 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

TRUST.

7 Deep unto deep may call—but I
With peaceful heart will say
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away :
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

A. L. WARING.

445

104, 104.

- 1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road :
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here :
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel 'Thy hand
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day : but peace divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

446

1 **T**HOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress;
 The soul which still on Thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
 The soul, by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
 'Mid raging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er Thy face appears:
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears:
 It hallows every cross;
 It sweetly comforts me,
 Makes me forget mine every loss,
 And find my all in Thee.

3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill.
 What though created streams are dry,
 I have the fountain still.
 Stripped of mine earthly friends,
 I find them all in One:
 And peace and joy that never ends,
 And heaven, in Christ, begun.

C. WESLEY.*

447

C.M.

1 **T**HOU Grace divine, encircling all,
 A shoreless, boundless sea,
 Wherein at last our souls must fall;
 O Love of God most free.

TRUST.

- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,
A soft hand blinds our eyes,
And we are guided safe and slow;
O Love of God most wise.
- 3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace;
O Love of God most strong.
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind.
- 5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name;
O Love of God within.
- 6 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death;
O Love of God! to Thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER

448

88, 86.

- 1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.
- 2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy church, in pride, is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

TRUST.

- 2 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.
- 4 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

H. ALFORD.

449

C.M.

- 1 **T**HOU, who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there;
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,
O turn not from our prayer!
- 2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,
- 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.
- 4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.
- 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

450

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **P**EACE, doubting heart ! my God's I am ;
 Who formed me man, forbids my fear ;
 The Lord hath called me by my name ;
 The Lord protects, for ever near ;
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still He loves and guards His own.
- 2 When passing through the watery deep,
 I ask in faith His promised aid ;
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head ;
 Fearless their violence I dare,
 They cannot harm, for God is there.
- 3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
 And through the fire pursue my way ;
 The fire forgets its power to burn,
 The lambent flames around me play ;
 I own His power, accept the sign,
 And shout, to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand !
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;
 Show forth in me Thy saving power ;
 Still be Thine arms my sure defence ;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

C. WESLEY.

451

C.M. Double.

- 1 **M**Y heart is resting, O my God !
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill ;
 For the waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsty still.

TRUST.

- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.
- 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.
- 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

A. L. WARING.

C.M.

452

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early days Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

TRUST.

- 3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend !
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death I'll sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

BRUCE.

453

C.M.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom He designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With His almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure
Thy Keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal guard.

TRUST.

5 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

WATTS.

454

64, 64, 76, 74.

1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!
I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

455

10, 5, 11.

-
- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our home with the Lord in the
skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
confess.
- 3 Redeemed of the Lord, we believe in His word;
Still onward we move,
And look for our home in the country above.
- 4 A country of joy, without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
- 5 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.
- 6 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 7 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

C. WESLEY.*

456

87, Eight lines.

- 1 "GOD is with us, God is with us,"
So our brave forefathers sang,
Far across the field of battle,
Loud their holy war-cry rang;
Never once they feared nor faltered,
Never once they ceased to sing,
"God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

- 2 Great the heritage they left us,
Great the conquests to be won,
Arméd hosts to meet and scatter,
Larger duties to be done.
Raise the song they nobly taught us,
Round the wide world let it ring,
"God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

- 3 Speed the cross through all the nations,
Speed the victories of love,
Preach the gospel of redemption
Wheresoever men may move;
Make the future in the present,
Strong of heart, toil on and sing,
"God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 4 Soon the struggle will be over,
Soon the flags of strife be furled,
Downward from his place, defeated
Shall the enemy be hurled :
Onward, then, with ranks unbroken,
Sure of triumph, shout and sing,
“ God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King !”

WALTER J. MATHAMS.

457

10 10, 11 11.

- 1 **B**E GONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
’Tis mine to obey;
’Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,
He’ll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
He cannot have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

NEWTON.*

458

L.M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

459

L.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls; away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS. *

460

C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me;
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE AND BRADY.*

461

L M.

- 1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
And show Thy goodness in my song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt His name;
I sought the eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with His grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope His love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
On them He makes His goodness shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love Him, all His saints,
Taste of His grace and trust His word.

WATTS.*

C.M. Double.

462

1 **T**HOU biddest, Lord, Thy sons be bold;
 Thy Firstborn set us free;
 The dear adoption fast we hold,
 The glorious liberty.
 Thou Majesty Divine, we cling
 To Thine eternal throne;
 Almighty Taskmaster! we bring
 Our work to Thee alone.

2 Full feels this seeking company
 The sweet celestial air;
 In humble joy we lay on Thee
 The loving clasp of prayer.
 We mingle now our inmost fires,
 A glowing, yearning throng;
 All free and strong of wing aspires
 The gladness of our song.

3 Men's statutes do not wake our fear;
 Men frown, yet smile we still;
 For us the Holy Spirit's cheer;
 For us the eternal will.
 Thine own we are, Almighty One,
 Thine own would ever be;
 Endless Thy dear dominion,
 Our glorious liberty!

T. H. GILL.

463

S.M.

1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 Since in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

WATTS.*

C.M.

464

1 **W**HERE God doth dwell, sure heaven is
there,
And singing there must be :
Since, Lord, Thy presence makes my heaven,
Whom should I sing but Thee ?

2 My God, my reconciléd God,
Creator of my peace ;
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
Till life and breath shall cease.

3 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice ;
To Thee, my Saviour and my God,
I lift my joyful voice.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 4 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
My heart has ceased to roam.
- 5 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness Thine eternal love,
And give my spirit rest.
- 6 My God, I'll praise Thee while I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

JOHN MASON.

465

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life is in Thy love,
Let me Thy glory see,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
I've none on earth but Thee.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars mine own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the vision of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

WATTS.*

466

11 10, 11 10.

- 1 **W**E are the Lord's: His all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace
accords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.
- 2 We are the Lord's: then let us gladly tender
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty
words;
Let heart and tongue and life combine to
render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.
- 3 We are the Lord's: no darkness brooding o'er
us
Can make us tremble, whilst this star affords
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.
- 4 We are the Lord's: no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening
cords;
No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
Death we shall vanquish, for we are the
Lord's.

SPITTA, *tr.* ASTLEY.

467

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And solace of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When to my heart His voice divine
Bears witness I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.*

468

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the perils of my life
God's hand hath been my guide,
And in God's strong and kindly care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
The hand that now conducts my course
Shall soon convey me home.
- 4 Beyond the noblest joys of earth
Thy service, Lord, I love;
But, oh! I burn with strong desire
To see Thy throne above.
- 5 Mingling with all the shining throng,
My soul would there adore,
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

DODDRIDGE.*

469

- 1 **T**O me remains nor place nor time;
 My country is in every clime;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none;
 But with my God to guide my way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 3 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were, indeed, a dreadful lot;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.
- 4 Then let me to His throne repair,
 And never be a stranger there:
 Then love divine shall be my guard,
 And peace and safety my reward.

MADAME GUION, *tr.* COWPER.*

470

65, Double.

- 1 **O**N our way rejoicing,
 As we homeward move,
 Such for us Thy purpose,
 O Thou God of love!
 Is there grief or sadness?
 Thine it cannot be.
 Is our sky beclouded?
 Clouds are not from Thee.
- 2 If with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 We be humbly striving
 To do all we can,
 He who gives the seed-time,
 Gives the large increase,
 Crowns the head with blessings,
 Fills the heart with peace.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
A victorious Leader,
And a vanquished foe !
Christ without—our safety ;
Christ within—our joy !
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy ?
- 4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing ;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring ;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

471

S.M.

- 1 **R**ICHES unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow.
- 2 The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
In God's own light and love we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
- 3 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways ;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace.
- 4 Unto eternal bliss
They all our steps attend ;
And God Himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

5 With Him we walk in white;
We in His image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine.

C. WESLEY.*

472

7s. Six lines.

1 **D**O we only give Thee heed,
Lord, when other help hath gone?
Doth the soreness of our need
Send us to the heavenly throne?
Wherefore should our souls repair,
Only to the Comforter?

2 Must not Thy glad creatures yearn
Of their best their Lord to bring?
Must not happy spirits burn
To their gladdener to spring?
Hath our joy for Thee no place?
Art Thou not our God of grace?

3 Should not each bright golden hour
Lay its lustre at Thy feet?
May not, Lord, our blissful bower
Rise beneath Thy mercy-seat?
Who like happy souls may call
For the wings celestial?

4 When our life is all delight,
On the happy heavenly hill,
'Tis because Thy presence bright
All the heavenly life doth fill.
Heaven our land of joy we call,
For the Lord is all in all.

- 5 There our very bower of bliss
 Is Thine awful holy place;
 There our only paradise
 Is the shining of Thy face.
 Still on us Thy face doth shine;
 Still streams on our joy divine.

T. H. GILL.

473

L.M.

- 1 **W**E triumph in the glorious grace
 That set us in this English land,
 And welcome that high earthly place
 Wherein our God hath made us stand.
- 2 While service to our land we bring,
 The Lord's own glory we would show,
 And wait upon our heavenly King
 In this our commonwealth below.
- 3 But, oh ! to us a grace more great,
 A dignity more dear is given ;
 He links us to a nobler state,
 He makes us citizens of heaven.
- 4 Yes, mightily our hearts are bound
 This goodly fatherland to love ;
 But more our own Emmanuel's ground,
 That better, dearer land above.
- 5 Our land's good laws we proudly praise,
 Our land's great tale with triumph tell ;
 But oh ! what majesty arrays
 The people of Emmanuel !
- 6 Their glorious freedom how complete !
 How absolute His holy will !
 What tasks divine, what tribute sweet,
 Their spirits bring, their hands fulfil !

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 7 Dear fellow-citizens they greet,
Of every age, of every clime;
Far dwellers in one city meet;
Strange voices raise one song sublime.
- 8 Do our fond, faithful hearts partake
The fatherland's sore wounds and woe?
Ah! mourn we for the storms that break
Upon our commonwealth below?
- 9 Those storms our peace they may not whelm;
They cannot reach our true abode.
Oh! sweetness of that upper realm!
Oh! peaceful city of our God!
- 10 Ah! seemeth it so sad to leave
Our commonwealth and country dear?
Poor sojourners, we wrongly grieve;
Our Fatherland, it lies not here.
- 11 O city, where God's people dwell!
O home, where no sweet bonds are riven!
O country of Emmanuel!
The only fatherland is heaven.
- 12 Joy! joy! our King doth never die!
Our city doth for ever stand;
We serve the Eternal Majesty,
And hold the heavenly fatherland.

T. H. GILL.

474

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own
blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness;
Born of God, they hate all sin;
God's pure word remains within.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

HAMMOND.

475

S.M.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 4 Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God.
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

WATTS.*

S.M.

476

- 1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.
- 2 Steadfast and fixed and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure,
Fenced by His guardian love.
- 3 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
- 4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.
- 5 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.
- 6 The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

C. WESLEY.

477

11 10.

- 1 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morn-
ing breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still with Thee, as to each newborn
morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each new day, nearness to Thee
and heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er-
shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawn-
ing,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee!

478

84, 84, 8884.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
 All will be well;
 Free and changeless is His favour;
 All, all is well!
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
 Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;
 All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well!
 Happy still to God confiding,
 Fruitful if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
 All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well!
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well!
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus, every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well!

MARY BOWLY.

479

S.M.

- 1 **O** WHAT, if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be,
 When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptised in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God,
Thy rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!
- 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

SIR H. BAKER.

480.

C.M.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

WATTS.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

“I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite.”—*Oliver Cromwell.*

481

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost Thou ne'er Thy servants bless
Until their work is done?
Dost Thou withhold Thy tenderness
Till they the meed have won?
- 2 Lord, dost Thou reckon with Thine own,
Like taskmasters below?
First must the handiwork be shown?
Wilt Thou the wages owe?
- 3 Nay, Lord, to Thy blest servants fall
The wages long before;
The Taskmaster celestial
Hath paid them o'er and o'er.
- 4 How can they reckon up the grace
Each hour, each minute brings?
How store Thy gifts? how find a place
For all their precious things?
- 5 Hath not the Son their ransom paid,
And brought them near to God?
Yes! hath not the sweet Spirit made
Their souls His dear abode?
- 6 O boundless treasure, all unearned!
O wages, given for nought!
Bestowed ere once their hearts have yearned,
Ere once their hands have wrought.
- 7 With eager love these souls may burn,
These hands their utmost strain;
Still, Lord, one mite they cannot earn;
Thy love doth grace remain.
- 8 O mourn Thy servants that there fall
No earnings to their lot?
Because Thy grace has given them all,
Lord, can they give Thee nought?

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 9 Thine own no heavenly burden spare !
Withhold no task divine,
And let an eager love declare
The unbought grace of Thine.

T. H. GILL.

482

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

WATTS.

483

87s. Double.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

COWPER.

484

76, 76, 7776.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize.
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies ;
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven !

MADAN.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST
APPEALING FOR MERCY, HELP,
AND GRACE.

485

7775.

-
- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angel's wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings ;
Jesus, hear and save !
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men ;
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
Jesus, hear and save !

HEBER.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

C.M.

486

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on mine aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

HAWEIS

487

777, 6.

- 1 **I**N the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, comfort me.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 2 When the hoard of many years
Like a fleet cloud disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 3 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 Thou Who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide;
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe:
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 6 So shall it be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

G. RAWSON.

488

7s.

- 1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost and dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou Thy precious blood hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

MILMAN.*

489

76s. Double.

- 1 I NEED Thee, blesséd Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus !
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to soothe my sorrows,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus !
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne ;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

F. WHITFIELD.

490

7s. Double.

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.*

491

76s. Double.

- 1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis there alone in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy mercy Lord and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

492

C.M.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.
- 4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let Thee go.
- 5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say—I died for Thee.
- 6 Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

TOPLADY.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

493

C.M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

COWPER.

494

8s.

- 1 **O** FATHER, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free:
- 2 Then teach us that our love, like Thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know:

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

3 Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow realms of self above:
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

4 Into the circle lift us up
Of Thy divine beneficence:
And, freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

495

11 10, 11 10, 10 10.

1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest,
Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and
blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulder laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed
the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength
again.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.
- 4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last;
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, "Thou knowest,
Lord?"
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy Throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

496

104, 104, 10 10.

1 **L**IGHT of the world ! whose kind and gentle
care

Is joy and rest,
Whose counsels and commands so gracious
are,

Wisest and best,
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the
way,

Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life, my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace !

Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter, or cease ;

But be to me, true friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord, what bliss to feel Thee near,
Faithful and true ;

To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do ;

And all the while to know that Thou our
Friend,

Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, oh, then ! when sorrow's night is
o'er,

Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home, at home !

How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

H. BATEMAN.

497

87s.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. WESLEY.

498

S.M.

- 1 O EVERLASTING Light!
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!
- 2 O everlasting Truth!
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too!
- 3 O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day!

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

- 4 O everlasting Love !
Well-spring of grace and peace ;
Pour down Thy fulness from above ;
Bid doubt and trouble cease !
- 5 Thou art in heaven our all ;
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

H. BONAR.

499

7s. Double.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mourning sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom,
Son of God, appear ! appear !
To Thy living temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less ;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. WESLEY.*

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL TO CHRIST APPEALING FOR
MERCY, HELP AND GRACE.

500

10s.

- 1 **B**EAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st
my sin;
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear;
Oh, take them, call them Thine; yes, Thine
though mine;
And give me calm repose in hours of care.
- 2 Let me not fret because of evil men;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul,
Reviled, oh! let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my warmth control.
- 3 When truth is overborne and error reigns,
When clamour lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath
refrains,
Yet from the steadfast course declines to
move.
- 4 When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy
head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of
wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long delayed;
- 5 Beneath the load of crosses and of cares,
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful
words;
Oh! bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one arm faith leans on is the Lord's.

H. BONAR.

TRUST IN HIM.

C.M.

501

1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.*

TRUST IN HIM.

502

C.M. Double.

1 **T**HOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In Thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
Than this—the Lord my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me.

TRUST IN HIM.

- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain;
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this—the witness in my breast,
That Jesus died for me?
- 4 And when Thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint, and tremblingly,
O, give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me!

JOSIAH CONDER.

503

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best:
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts, and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

TRUST IN HIM.

- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly guest;
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

F. W. FABER.

504

C.M.

- 1 **W**E walk by faith, and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.
- 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, My Lord and God.
- 3 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief,
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found.
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

H. ALFORD.

505

87, 87, 87.

- 1 **B**Y Thine inward consecration
Make our hearts Thy temple true;
Let Thy bright illumination
Search our spirit through and through;
So shall we, Thy new creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

TRUST IN HIM.

- 2 With 'Thy eye of love behold us;
Our affections heavenward raise;
Into Thine own likeness mould us
On Thy glory while we gaze.
Let Thine altar-fire enfold us
Purifying prayer and praise.
- 3 Keep Thy lamp within us burning,
With undimmed and steady ray;
That indwelling light discerning,
May we ever near Thee stay;
Often to that shrine returning
Through the toilsome working-day.

DR. BOURNE.

506

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love.
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

C. WESLEY.

507

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

TRUST IN HIM.

- 2 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 3 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

6s. Double.

508

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt;
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here, and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

TRUST IN HIM.

- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart;
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won,
Let me but follow them;
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone;
The rest as Thou shalt please,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 6 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

SCHMOLKE, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

509

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
From sin and grief, from guilt and shame;
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
And joy and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven, my all.

C. WESLEY.

LOVE FOR HIM.

510

C.M. Double.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.
A place on high at Thy right hand
My love could never win:
Thy grace alone, O Christ, must save
My soul from all its sin.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 2 But in Thy love Thou didst my soul
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony,
And death itself—and all for me,
For me, Thine enemy.
- 3 For this, Thy boundless love for me,
My soul would love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or for escaping hell;
Not for the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 4 E'en so I love Thee, Christ my God,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because of Thy great love,
My Saviour and my King.
To God the Father glory be;
Glory to Christ His Son;
Glory, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

FRANCIS XAVIER, *tr.* E. CASWALL.*

511

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend !
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, mine end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.*

512

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still !
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr.* RAY PALMER.

513

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr.* H. CASWALL.

514

- 1 **O** JESUS! Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary
It ends in perfect day!
- 2 Nought, nought I count as pleasure
Compared, O Christ, to Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earned peace and joy for me.
I love to own, Lord Jesus,
Thy claims o'er me divine;
Bought with Thy blood most precious
Whose can I be but Thine?
- 3 What fills my heart with gladness?
'Tis Thy abounding grace,
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing—
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding—
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 4 Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side,
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me.

LOVE FOR HIM.

5 O worldly pomp and glory
Your charms are spread in vain;
I've heard a sweeter story,
I've found a truer gain.
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus;
There shall I dwell with God.

6 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee,
O Jesus! Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me!

BERLIN GESANGBUCH.

515

L.M. Six lines.

1 O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, who e'er life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter
woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

ANGELUS SILESIVS, *tr.* CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

516

S.M.

- 1 **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

LOVE FOR HIM.

- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN.

517

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

RAY PALMER.

518

- 1 **T**HOU who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire to impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart,
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze;
 And trembling, to its source return
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
 To work and speak and think for Thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death thine endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.

C. WESLEY.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

519

87s. Double.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee,
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still mine own.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 4 Soul! then, know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smiles are thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. LYTE.

520

- 1 **G**IRD your loins about with truth;
Life will not go always smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth:
Play, play the man.
- 2 Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base,
Bravely ever set your face
To play the man.
- 3 Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way,
In the open light of day,
And play the man.
- 4 They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek:
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.
- 5 Have the courage to be true,
Steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you—
Play, play the man.
- 6 Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play, play the man!

WALTER C. SMITH.

521

11 10; 11 10.

- 1 **T**RUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful
and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for
Thee.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

- 2 True - hearted, whole - hearted, fullest allegiance,
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.
- 3 True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous ; yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
- 4 Whole-hearted ! Saviour, belovéd and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

HAVERGAL.

522

76, 76, Double.

- 1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear :
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

- 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak! and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus! Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!
- 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. BODE.

523

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee;
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

GREGG.

C.M. Double.

524

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar:
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears His cross below,
 He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame:
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
 Who follows in their train?

- 4 A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed :
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

R. HEBER.

525

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN courage fails, and faith burns low,
 And men are timid grown,
 Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
 That Truth still moveth on.
- 2 For unseen messengers she hath
 To work her will and ways,
 And even human scorn and wrath
 God turneth to her praise.
- 3 She can both meek and lordly be,
 In heavenly might secure;
 With her is pledge of victory,
 And patience to endure.
- 4 The race is not unto the swift,
 Nor battle to the strong,
 When dawn her judgment-days that sift
 The claims of right and wrong.
- 5 And more than thou canst do for Truth
 Can she on thee confer,
 If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
 And manhood unto her.

- 6 For she can make thee inly bright,
 Thy self-love purge away,
 And lead thee in the path whose light
 Shines to the perfect day.
- 7 Who follow her, though men deride,
 In her strength shall be strong,
 Shall see their shame become their pride,
 And share her triumph-song!

F. L. HOSMER.

526

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD of Truth, whose living Word
 Upholds whate'er hath breath,
 Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
 Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
 Who claim a heavenly birth,
 May march with Thee to smite the lies
 That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 Ah! would we join the blest array,
 And follow in the might
 Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
 In raiment clean and white!
- 4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
 Poor slaves of lies and sin!
 He who would fight for Thee on earth
 Must first be true within.
- 5 Then God of truth, for whom we long,
 Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
 Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

COURAGE IN CONFESSING HIM.

6 Still smite ! still burn ! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

7 Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

T. HUGHES.

527

C.M.

1 GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering
G world :

Now each man to his post ;
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?

2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

5 He who is ready for the Cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

S. LONGFELLOW.

1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will for Him go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Nor for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died,
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure!
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.

REJOICING IN HIM.

Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

REJOICING IN HIM.

529

10s. Six lines.

1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought
beside;
And poor without Him, though of all pos-
sessed.
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is
seen;
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor
declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness
shines.
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.
- 4 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every
foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's
crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.
- 5 While here, alas! I know but half His love;
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. LYTF.

530

64, 64, 10 10.

- 1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this—
That my Belovéd's mine, and I am His?

- 2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.

By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

- 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.

All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own: Lord, I am Thine.

- 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?

Why should I keep one precious thing from
Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for
me?

- 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove

To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. MUDIE.

531

- 1 **H**OW blest is life if lived for Thee,
My loving Saviour and my Lord;
No pleasures springing from the earth,
Such perfect gladness can afford.
- 2 To know I am Thy ransomed child,
Bought by Thine own most precious blood,
And to receive from Thy dear hand,
With grateful heart each gift of good.
- 3 To walk all day beneath Thy smile,
Watching Thine eye to guide me still,
To rest at night beneath Thy care,
Sure it will guard me from all ill.
- 4 To feel that though I journey on
By stony paths, and in rough ways,
Thy blessed feet have gone before,
And strength is given for weary days.
- 5 Surely such love should make me glad,
Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,
Until I see Thee face to face,
And in Thy light am fully blest.

ANON.

532

76, 76, 77.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us, never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!
- 3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us, never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.
- 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.
- 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song,
Through eternal days prolong.

H. BONAR.

533

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.
- 2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below
To cry—Behold the Lamb!
- 4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death—
Behold, behold the Lamb!

C. WESLEY.*

534

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?
- 3 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.
- 4 Nor Death nor Life, nor Earth nor Hell,
Nor Time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay.
- 5 Each future period He will bless
As He has blessed the past;
He loved us from the first of time,
He'll love us to the last.

ANON.

535

87s.

- 1 **Y**ES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless, watcheth night and day:
Yes, e'en me, e'en me, He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
- 5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

H. BONAR.

536

10s.

- 1 **O** LOVE invisible, yet infinite,
I cast myself into Thy sure embrace.
O, Light of God, shine through this cloudy
night;
O, God of Light, unveil Thy gladdening
face.
- 2 Happy in knowing Thee, my Lord and God;
Happy in finding Thee, my treasure true;
Happy in following Thee through ill and good,
In toiling for Thee, and in suffering too.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 3 Clear written on the cross I read Thy love;
Thy love is there, and there Thy power I
see;
The power that comes with healing from
above,
That brings to us a heavenly liberty.
- 4 What is the love to me without the cross?
And what the cross without the love, O
Lord?
All sin and weakness I; it is the cross
That to my broken soul doth health afford.
- 5 O love, that passeth knowledge, Thee I need,
Pour in the heavenly sunshine, fill my
heart,
Scatter the cloud, the doubting, and the dread,
The joy unspeakable to me impart.
- 6 O love, that passeth knowledge, shine on me,
As through these sunless solitudes I wind;
Brighten my path, give buoyant liberty,
Nerve for the fight, unburden and unbind.

H. BONAR.

537

87s.

- 1 **A**LWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer and words of love!
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when with sin we struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding us to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear;

4 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

5 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

EDWIN H. NEVIN.*

538

11 10, 11 10.

- 1 **L**IGHT has arisen, we walk in its bright-
ness;
Joy hath descended, its fulness has come.
Peace hath been spoken; we hear it, we take
it;
Angels are singing, and shall we be dumb?
- 2 Calm 'mid the tempest around us that rages,
'Mid the lone weariness ever at rest;
Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
Sometimes disquieted, never oppress.
- 3 Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought
us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own,
Filled with the peace passing all understand-
ing,
Never less lonely than just when alone.
- 4 Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of
time?
Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly climb.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 5 High on the rock, in our fortress sure sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain,
Buckler and shield is He, what can alarm us?
What though the fiery darts shower like the rain?
- 6 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow;
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its gleam.
- 7 Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Almighty;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the hungry;
Jesus our all, lo! we lean upon Thee!
- 8 What are the shadows around us still floating?
Sunshine is glowing all brightly above;
Heed not the height of the cliffs we are climbing,
From them we gaze on the land that we love.

H. BONAR.

539

64, 64, 664.

- 1 **T**RUSTINGLY, trustingly,
Jesus, to Thee
Come I; Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me!
Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

REJOICING IN HIM.

- 2 Peacefully, peacefully
Walk I with Thee;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all to me;
Peace Thou hast left to us,
Thy peace hast given us,
So let it be.
- 3 Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love!
Come then, O Saviour, come;
Come then, O Spirit, come
Heavenly dove!
- 4 Happily, happily
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
May I be strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.
- 5 Hopefully, hopefully
Onward I go;
Cheerfully, cheerfully
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow.

H. BONAR.

540

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord with Thy love my heart inflame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O, Jesus, in that solemn hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

541

87s. Double.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Now return, O Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing:
Glory in Thy precious love.
- 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. WESLEY.*

542

886, 886.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Saviour's voice.

C. WESLEY.*

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH
HIM.

543

7s. Double.

- 1 **M**ASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, Come and see.

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

- 2 Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee;
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, Come and see.
- 3 Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might;
Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, Come and see.
- 4 Master, where abidest Thou?
All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the Voice which makes them blest,
Falls the summons, Come and see.

MRS. E. CHARLES.

544

10 10 10 10.

- 1 NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true
rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt
depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

- 2 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless,
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.
- 3 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with
song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.
- 4 I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more
dear.
- 5 More of Thyself, oh! show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power;
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate
Word.

H. BONAR.

545

L M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

WATTS.

546

7s. Six lines.

- 1 SON of God, to Thee I cry;
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me.
- 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Meek to suffer, strong to save,
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me.
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky,
 With Thy love my bosom fill,
 Prompt me to perform Thy will;
 Then Thy glory I shall see,
 Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

MANT.

547

7s. Double.

- 1 LORD, it is not life to live
 If Thy presence Thou deny;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death—to die.
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are if Thou art mine.

LONGING FOR COMMUNION WITH HIM.

- 2 While I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die.
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness;
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

TOPLADY.

548

L.M.

- 1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest!
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

C. E. ELLIOTT.

UNION WITH HIM.

549

L.M.

- 1 O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.
- 2 O blessed life! the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring;
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.
- 4 O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life! how blessed, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.

W. T. MATSON.

550

C.M.

- 1 LORD! in Thy people Thou dost dwell,
L Thy people dwell in Thee;
O blessedness unspeakable!
O wondrous unity.
- 2 One with Thee, all Thy life they know,
And all Thou hast possess;
In Thee they underwent all woe,
And wrought all righteousness.

UNION WITH HIM.

- 3 When Thou wast stricken, on them fell
The wrath, the woe, the shame;
When Thou o'ercamest death and hell,
In Thee they overcame.
- 4 They rose upon Thy rising day,
With Thee to heaven did soar;
Thou livest evermore, and they
Shall live for evermore.
- 5 When from the world they suffer wrong,
'Gainst Thee the wrong is done;
When strength and joy to them belong,
By Thee the praise is won.
- 6 In every gift and grace of theirs
Thy beauty, Lord, doth shine;
Their faithfulness Thine own declares,
Their righteousness is Thine.
- 7 When Thou for judgment shalt appear,
They shall appear with Thee;
When all the world its doom shall hear,
Thy voice their voice shall be.
- 8 When Thou Thy kingdom shalt obtain,
And put Thy glory on,
Thine endless reign shall be their reign;
The King and they are one.
- 9 Lord Jesus, grant me all this grace;
Abide, be one with me!
Give me to dwell in Thine embrace,
For ever one with Thee!

T. H. GILL.

- 1 **T**HAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign
Lord
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
- 2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee;
From this good hour, O leave me never
more;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.
- 3 Abide in me; o'ershadowed by Thy love,
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and
divine.
- 4 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.
- 5 Abide in me; there have been moments pure
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy
power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
- 6 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

H. B. STOWE.

552

1 **O**UR life is hid with Christ,
 With Christ in God above;
 Upward our heart would go to Him
 Whom, seeing not, we love.
 When He, who is our life,
 Appears to take the throne,
 We too shall be revealed and shine
 In glory like His own.

2 He liveth and we live!
 His life for us prevails;
 His fulness fills our mighty void,
 His strength for us avails.
 Life worketh in us now,
 Life is for us in store;
 So death is swallowed up of life,
 We live for evermore.

3 Not to ourselves we live,
 Not to ourselves we die,
 Unto the Lord we die or live;
 With Him we sit on high.
 We seek the things above,
 For we are only His;
 Like Him we soon shall be, for we
 Shall see Him as He is.

H. BONAR.

553

888 6.

1 **L**ET evening twilight turn to dawn,
 For all who love Thee, Saviour dear,
 Like twain of old, to whom, we read,—
 “Jesus Himself drew near.”

UNION WITH HIM.

- 2 Yet we remember how 'tis writ,
That while He sought their doubt to clear,
Their eyes were held, and told them not,
"Jesus Himself drew near."
- 3 With burning hearts they heard His words,
Unfolding how each ancient seer
Said, "Christ must suffer." So in light,
"Jesus Himself drew near."
- 4 Drew near, was near, yet still seemed far,
While sitting down their meal to cheer!
Then closer still, in vanished Form,
"Jesus Himself drew near."
- 5 Not now a figure by their side,
But in their hearts, Indweller dear!
His present Spirit bade them say,
"Jesus Himself is here."
- 6 So dwell in us by faith, dear Lord!
In us by grace Thy throne uprear,
Then of our darkest hours we'll say,
"Jesus Himself drew near."
- 7 Be near us, Lord, till sense no more
Divides from Him our souls revere:
Be with us, Lord, till through the tomb,
To Jesus we draw near.

T. VINCENT TYMMS, D.D.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: PERSEVERING
FIDELITY.

65, 65, Double.

554

1 **C**HRISTIAN! dost thou see them

On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,

How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?

Christian never tremble!

Never yield to fear;
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,

How they speak thee fair?

“Always fast and vigil?

Always watch and prayer?”

Christian! answer boldly:

“While I breathe I pray”:

Peace shall follow battle,

Night shall end in day.

4 “Well I know thy trouble,

O My servant true;

Thou art very weary,—

I was weary too:

But that toil shall make thee

Some day all Mine own:

And the end of sorrow

Shall be near My Throne.”

ANDREW OF CRETE, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

555

1 **F**IGHT the good fight
 With all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race,
 Through God's good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside;
 Upon Thy Guide
 Lean, and His mercy will provide;
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear;
 His arms are near,
 He changeth not, and Thou art dear:
 Only believe, and Thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to Thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

556

S.M.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

6 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

C. WESLEY.

557

76, 76.

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye suffer
As Jesus suffered then.

3 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love, that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

- 4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,
- 5 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heav'n, on earth?
- 6 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

558

86, 84, Irregular.

- 1 **F**INISH thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down; till then
Think not of rest.
- 2 Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then, till then rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.
- 3 Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
Well done, well done.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

4 Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
And endless love.

5 Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy paths below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
And crowns thee now.

H. BONAR.

559

87s.

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these.

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call!
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

L.M.

560

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

WATTS.*

561

S.M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see;
 And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With His own royal hand,
 And raise that favoured servant's head
 Amidst the angelic band.

DODDRIDGE.*

562

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 **F**ORWARD! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined:
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head:
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight;
 Jordan flows before us,
 Sion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, when in childhood,
 Buds the infant mind:
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till around us
 Gleams the Father's face.
 Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height;
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth;
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward, through the darkness,
 Forward into light.
- 4 Glories upon glories,
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word:
 Forward, marching eastward,
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.
- 5 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold:
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might,
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

H. ALFORD.

L.M.

563

- 1 **T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
The Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down,
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- 6 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see,
The heavenly life that knows no end.

C. W. EVEREST.

564

C.M.

- 1 **Y**E souls, the Father's very own,
Ye people of His choice,
Not only wonder, not alone
In His dear love rejoice.

- 2 He calleth, but He bids you still
Make the high calling sure;
He chooseth you to work His will,
And thus the crown secure.
- 3 He means for you a glorious part,
In conflict as in grace;
He wills you to be pure in heart,
And thus to see His face.
- 4 He calls you to His work on earth,
As to His bliss above,
Alike to show His glory forth,
And to enjoy His love.
- 5 Your portion, souls elect, possess!
His gracious choice approve;
With your abiding faithfulness
Meet His eternal love.
- 6 Ascend from height to height divine,
Grace after grace put on,
And brighter with the beauty shine
That in the Saviour shone!
- 7 Thus richly ye shall enter in
The long-prepared home;
Thus surely ye the crown shall win,
And to the glory come.

T. H. GILL.

565

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly weapons let us fight
The battles of the Lord;
Finish our course, and keep the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for us
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on our head.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: PERSEVERING FIDELITY.

- 3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for us alone,
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of His Son.
- 4 Jesus the Lord shall guard us safe
In dark and evil hours,
And to His heavenly kingdom keep
These feeble souls of ours.
- 5 God is our everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

WATTS.*

566

C.M.

- 1 **W**ALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

BARTON.

FIDELITY TO TRUTH.

567

46, 86.

- 1 **M**AKE sure of truth,
And truth will make thee sure;
It will not shift, nor fade, nor die,
But like the heavens endure.
- 2 God's thoughts, not man's,
Be these thy heritage;
They, like Himself, are ever young,
Untouched by time or age.
- 3 With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light;
Walk thou with Him in peace and love,
Hold fast the good and right.
- 4 Hold fast the true!
For truth can never change;
It grows not old—'tis ever one,
However vast its range.
- 5 Great truths are great!
Not once, but evermore;
Theirs is an everlasting youth,
A spring-bloom never o'er.
- 6 The stars that shine
To-night, in these calm skies,
Are the same stars that shone of old
In primal Paradise.
- 7 Man and his earth
Are varying day by day;
Truth cannot change nor ever grow
Feeble and old and gray.

H. BONAR.

568

- 1 **S**PEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay :
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.
- 2 Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide :
We were not made to sit and dream ;
Thy strength must first be tried.
- 3 Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not—The way is plain ;
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.
- 4 One fragment of His blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.
- 5 Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.
- 6 Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.
- 7 Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand ;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock,
Scatters their shifting strand.
- 8 While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

H. ALFORD.*

569

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **F**AITH of our fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
 O, how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free;
 And blest would be their children's fate,
 Though they, like them, should die for
 thee;
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers; God's great power
 Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 Mankind shall then be truly free.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee too, as love knows how
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

F. W. FABER.*

570

87, 87.

- 1 **T**ELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream,"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

CHARITY.

- 2 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not the goal;
"Dust Thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.
- 4 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
- 5 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
- 6 Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CHARITY.

571

7s.

- 1 GENTLY think, and gently speak,
Art thou strong? respect the weak;
Art thou weak? from what thou art,
Gently judge another's heart.
- 2 He who knew the thoughts of men,
He was gentle, let us then
Gentle be in thought and tone,
We, who scarce can read our own.

CHARITY.

- 3 Rain and dews, and sunshine fall
With unbounded love on all,
Shall thy narrow heart refuse
Its poor sun, and rain, and dews?
- 4 Then be gentle, O my soul,
Thoughts and words alike control;
If thou must in aught decide,
Err upon the gentle side.
- 5 Gentleness can do no wrong
To the weak or to the strong;
Be thou strong or be thou weak,
Gently think and gently speak.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

572

C.M.

- 1 **O**UR God is love, and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.
- 4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
See how these Christians love.

THOMAS COTTERILL. (?)

573

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!
- 2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.
- 3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.
- 4 But they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.
- 5 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
O God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

F. W. FABER.*

574

C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

CHARITY.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the bright realms of peace.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our Father God.

WATTS.*

575

C.M.

1 **P**OUR forth the oil,—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou fairest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

2 Make channels for the stream of love
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them everyone.

3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

4 For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. TRENCH.

576

- 1 **A**WAKE, my zeal, awake my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.
- 2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, the work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

WATTS.

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

577

87s.

- 1 **B**EAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

- 2 If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.
- 3 Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.
- 4 All unseen the Master walketh,
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 5 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.
- 6 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

MACKELLAN.

578

C.M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint;
Or, fainting, shall not die.
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

REST AND JOY IN GOD.

- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall through Him triumph too.

NEWTON.*

579

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When He spake, and it was done.
2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born.
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day,
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
5 Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAVER.

580

76s. Double.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray!
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be!
Then for thyself, in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name!
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
If holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Love.
- 4 O! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare!
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
Remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

MRS. J. C. SIMPSON.

581

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While Angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. MONTGOMERY.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

582

C.M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do;
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.
- 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.
- 3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.
- 4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.
- 5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. GASKELL.

583

S.M.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest home!

MONTGOMERY.

584

L.M.

- 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care:
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

W. GLADDEN.

585

C.M.

- 1 **W**ORKMAN of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike;
2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to live with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.
5 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things in earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
6 Muse on His justice, downcast soul;
Muse, and take better heart:
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part!
7 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER.

- 1 **STAND** up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
 The trumpet-call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day;
 Ye that are men, now serve Him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

DUFFIELD.*

587

- 1 **S**OLDIER, to the contest pressing,
Onward, let thy watchword be :
God upon thee pours His blessing ;
What though man derideth thee !
- 2 Onward, though the faggot's burning
Be thy pathway's only light :
Onward, death and danger spurning,
Onward in the path of right !
- 3 God, for all thy wants providing,
Armour trusty hath for thee ;
Gird thyself, in Him confiding,
With the goodly panoply :
- 4 Righteousness thy breast defending,
And thy feet with justice shod ;
Onward ; with the foe contending,
Wield thy sword, the word of God.
- 5 Thine the helmet of salvation,
Faith thy mighty shield shall be ;
And let prayer and supplication
Lance and glorious falchion be.
- 6 Still the standard o'er thee streaming
Be the banner pure of love,
Where in glorious blazon beaming,
Float thy pinions, holy dove !
- 7 Onward then, with bold contending,
In the paths the martyrs trod :
God to thee His strength is lending,
Onward, in the strength of God.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

588

- 1 **H**OW came it, men of faith, to pass
That ye were mighty-handed?
How brake ye down the gates of brass
When few of ye were banded?
It was that through your open soul
God like a tide did onward roll,
And left no vessel stranded.
- 2 How was it, lovers of your kind,
Though ye were mocked and hated,
That ye with clear and patient mind
Truth's holy doctrine stated?
In God, as in an ark, ye kept;
Around, and not above you, swept
The flood till it abated.
- 3 O Father of all mighty men,
A river-fount unsealing
In our dry hearts, oh, let us then
See Christ in full revealing;
Touched by the sceptre of His cross,
With knightly scorn of shame and loss
We shall arise from kneeling.
- 4 The rivers never backward run
That for the sea are yearning,
And never is the mid-day sun
Found on his course returning:
By gathering force, and onward stress,
And strengthening beams, all doubt repress,
My soul, thyself concerning.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

589

- 1 **G**O, labour on; spend, and be spent,
The joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

H. BONAR.

590

64, 64, 67, 64.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!
- 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late!
Watch, brethren, watch!

CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 3 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!
- 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong one near,
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!
- 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

ANON.

591

87, 87, Double.

- 1 SING we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns throughout its halls.

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 2 We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones.
For that City we must labour;
For its sake bear pain and grief;
In it find the end of living,
And the anchor of belief.
- 3 And the work that we have builded
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.
It will last, and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

FELIX ADLER.

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

592

L.M.

- 1 **A**ND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens
bear?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air?
- 2 Oh, could our weakness move Thy might?
Our misery make us sought of Thee?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright?
Our sins win down Thy purity?
- 3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee?

CONSECRATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth !
Almighty Lover, teach us love !
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above ?

T. H. GILL.

593

C.M. Six lines.

1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come !
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some ;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest,
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may ;
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. LYNCH.

594

- 1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

595

76s. Double.

- 1 **L**ORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
O blessed Three in One!
Make us a Royal Priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

596

L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.

- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the cross are Thine.
- 3 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God!
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.
- 4 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.
- 5 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still!
Thy truth shall be our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

597

S.M.

- 1 **M**AKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot—
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.
- 2 I am Thy creature, Lord;
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.
- 3 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.
- 4 All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all.

H. BONAR, *after* EPHRAEM SYRUS.

598

S.M. Double.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A soul from death and hell to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

C. WESLEY.*

BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

599

L.M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! Thy light Thou dost not hide:
Thy glory will not stay at home:
With us Thy glory may abide;
Thy precious things to us may come.
- 2 But they are given us not to hoard;
Thy light may not be all our own;
Thou meanest not Thy glory, Lord,
To cheer one dwelling-place alone.
- 3 Thou lightest souls to beam around;
Thou settest them to shine on high;
Thy children in Thy work abound
And still their Father glorify.

BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 4 O sweet the Father's smile to win!
What joy, dear Lord, to shine with Thee,
Thy precious things to welcome in
And entertain Thy radiancy!
- 5 But O more sweet for Thee to shine,
To pass Thy smile, Thy blessing on,
To bear about the light divine,
And shine as the dear Saviour shone!
- 6 Father! still shine on us from heaven,
And make us for Thy glory shine;
We would not keep one gift ungiven,
We would not hide one beam of Thine.

T. H. GILL.

600

C.M. Double.

- 1 **H**OW blesséd from the bonds of sin,
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand.
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Belovéd's will.

- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord !
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won.
 Through evil or through good report,
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh,
 Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly,
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh !
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is,
 Shall His blest servants be.

SPITTA, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

601

C.M.

- 1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for using us,
 For Thee to work and speak ;
 However trembling is the hand,
 The voice however weak.
- 2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
 Of Thine from us have shone
 Into a world so dark as ours,
 However faint and wan.
- 3 For those to whom, through us, Thou hast
 Some heavenly guidance given ;
 For some, it may be, saved from death,
 And some brought nearer heaven.
- 4 For solace ministered perchance
 In days of grief and pain ;
 For peace to troubled weary souls
 Not spoken all in vain.

BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

- 5 Lord, keep us still the same, as in
Remembered days of old;
Oh keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.
- 6 Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth,
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.
- 7 Thy name to name, Thyself to own,
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed,
As in our Christian spring.

H. BONAR.

602

L.M.

- 1 **W**HO calls Thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?
- 2 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 3 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!
- 4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
- 5 But life, though failing like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

J. G. WHITTIER.

HUMAN LIFE: ITS FRAILITY.

603

L.M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spread the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe;
He dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

STEELE.

604

84, 84, 84.

- 1 **O** GOD, we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

DEATH.

- 3 We thank Thee more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
- 6 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesu's breast.

A. A. PROCTOR.*

DEATH.

L.M.

605

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

DEATH.

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

MRS. BARBAULD.*

606

S.M.

- 1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

DEATH.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

FROM THE FRENCH, *tr.* G. W. BETHUNE.

607

7777, 88.

- 1 **N**OW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

DEATH.

6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. ELLERTON.

608

C.M.

- 1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry;
We bless Thee for our comrade true
Now summoned up to Thee.
- 2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
- 3 We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest:
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.
- 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard:
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

G. RAWSON.

609

76, Double.

- 1 O SACRED head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

DEATH.

- 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!
- 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For He who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

GERHARD.

610

8s. Double.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

HEAVEN.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the glad company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

C. WESLEY.

HEAVEN.

611

Irregular.

1 **S**UNSET and evening star, and one clear
call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

- 2 Twilight and evening bell, and after that the
dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourn of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

612

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God!
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

C. WESLEY.*

613

76, 76, 76, 75.

- 1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh! Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well, of love:
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine";
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

HEAVEN.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face :
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace ;
 Not at the crown He gifteth,
 But on His pierced hand ;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

5 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted by His love :
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

RUTHERFORD.

614

Irregular.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I am nearer home to-day
 Than I have ever been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be,
 Nearer the great white throne ;
 Nearer the jasper sea ;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down ;
 Nearer leaving the cross ;
 Nearer gaining the crown,

4 But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the dim and unknown stream
 That leads at last to the light.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—
- 6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

CAREY.

615

S.M.

- 1 **F**OR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my rapture dies;
My soul is sorely tossed between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While brightly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

HEAVEN.

- 7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
- 8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
- 9 Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

MONTGOMERY.*

616

6666, 88.

- 1 **N**EARER, and nearer still,
We to our country come;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home.
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
- 2 The ransomed sons of God,
We've ceased to weep and mourn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 3 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

HEAVEN.

4 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is He;
We in His steps will tread,
And soon His face shall see;
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

C. WESLEY.*

617

S.M. Double.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those at rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

HEAVEN.

- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !
- 5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live ; who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

H. BONAR.

618

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

HEAVEN.

- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

619

76s. Double.

The New Jerusalem, which, without your admired link of succession, descends from heaven.—MILTON.

- 1 EMBRACE your full salvation,
Ye saints, no longer sigh;
Let the old tribulation
In the new glory die.
O'er each old sin victorious,
Your holy city view,
Jerusalem the glorious,
Jerusalem the New!
- 2 O city, sevenfold glorious,
Where sin may never come,
Where wrong is ne'er victorious,
Glad saints, enjoy your home.
Your foes are crushed beneath you,
Your hearts no more condemn;
Ye bring no darkness with you
To New Jerusalem!

HEAVEN.

3 Hark ! what a glad song streameth
The blissful city through ;
How that new song beseemeth
Jerusalem the New !
Still of new joy it telleth,
That everlasting hymn ;
Still new the song that swelleth
Through New Jerusalem !

4 Lord, with what fresh fruition
Thy people on Thee gaze !
More glorious grows the vision,
More rapturous swells the praise.
New love, new bliss Thou wakest,
As beams Thy face on them ;
Yes, all things new Thou makest
In New Jerusalem !

5 Right from God's throne descendeth
That city new and bright ;
No earthly splendour blendeth
Its dimness with that light.
New gleams the pavement golden,
New flasheth each rich gem ;
There glimmers nothing olden
In New Jerusalem !

6 There is no grief, no crying ;
Each burden down ye lay ;
There is no pain, no dying ;
Old things have passed away.
Within the shining city
No eye with tears is dim ;
There is no place for pity
In New Jerusalem !

T. H. GILL.

- 1 **W**HEN we reach the land of glory,
 Through a pilgrimage of years,
 Shall we e'er forget the story
 Of our mortal griefs and fears?
 Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
 And the clouds that hung so dim,
 When our hearts are filled with gladness,
 And our tears are dried by Him?
- 2 Shall the memory be banished,
 Of His kindness and His care,
 When the wants and woes are vanished
 Which He loved to soothe and share?
 All the way by which He led us,
 All the grievings that He bore,
 All the patient love He taught us,
 Shall we think of Him no more?
- 3 Yes, we ever shall remember
 How He quickened us from death,
 How He fanned the dying ember,
 With His Spirit's glowing breath;
 We shall read the tender meaning
 Of the sorrows and alarms,
 As we trod the desert, leaning
 On His everlasting arms.
- 4 And His rest will be the dearer,
 As we think on weary ways;
 And His light will seem the clearer,
 As we muse on cloudy days;
 Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow
 To a dark and stormy day!
 We shall recollect our sorrow
 As the streams that pass away.

621

- 1 **S**AFF home, safe home in port!
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck;
 But, oh! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage and perils o'er!
- 2 The prize, the prize secure!
 The wrestler nearly fell;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well.
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on.
- 3 No more the foe can harm,
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp.
 And yet how nearly he had failed;
 How nearly had the foe prevailed!
- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end.
 But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home;
 Oh! nights and days of tears!
 Oh! longings not to roam!
 Oh! sins, and doubts, and fears!
 But now has come the glorious day
 When God has wiped all tears away!

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *tr.* NEALE.

622

886, 886.

- 1 **B** **BEYOND** the bounds of time and space,
 We'll travel to that heavenly place,
 The saints' secure abode :
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force our passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 2 We suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before His face appear,
 And by His side sit down ;
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 3 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirit up ;
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And we in joy ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 4 The glories of the Deity
 We soon with open face shall see ;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

C. WESLEY.*

623

86, 86, 6666.

- 1 **O** **PARADISE**, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light ;
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

529

HEAVEN.

- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here,
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place, my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loving hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

HEAVEN.

- 6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

FABER. *

624

66664.

- 1 FROM this bleak hill of storms,
To yon warm, sunny heights,
Where love for ever shines,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!
- 2 From hunger and from thirst,
From toil and weariness,
From shadows and from dreams,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!
- 3 From tides, and winds, and waves,
From shipwrecks of the deep,
From parted anchors here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!
- 4 From weakness and from pain,
From trembling and from strife,
From watchings and from fears,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

HEAVEN.

- 5 From falsehoods of the age,
From broken ties and hearts,
From suns gone down at noon,
 Pass over to thy rest,
 The rest of God!
- 6 From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here,
 Pass over to thy rest,
 The rest of God!

H. BONAR.

625

8s.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blessed,
 That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,—
 But what must it be to be there?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
 But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
 But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
 But what must it be to be there?
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

E. MILLS.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are
 swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
 beat shore;
 Angelic songs to sinful men are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night!

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
 ringing,
 Celestial music tells us of our home.

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night!

- 3 Courage, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly
 glisten
 Upon the waves of life's most troubled sea;
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean for
 thee.

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night!

HEAVEN.

4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night !

F. W. FABER. *

627

83, 83, 8883.

1 **T**HERE is a better world, they say,
O so bright !
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright !
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair :
O so bright !

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land !
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land !
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land !

HEAVEN.

3 Though we are sinners every one—
 Jesus died !—
And though our crown of peace is gone—
 Jesus died !—
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of bliss may reign.
 Jesus died !

JOHN LYTH.

628

C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home;
 Name ever dear to me :
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy and peace and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

629

76s.

- 1 **O** PARADISE eternal !
What bliss to enter thee,
And once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be !
- 2 In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known ;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.
- 3 There all around shall love us,
And we return their love ;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above.
- 4 So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more reveal'd,
Shall wake fresh praises there.
- 5 O Paradise eternal,
What joys in thee are known !
O God of mercy, guide us,
Till all be felt our own.

THOMAS DAVIS.

630

76s. Double.

- 1 **T**O thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to my breast,
And medicine in my sickness,
And love and life and rest.

HEAVEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en now thy walls discern,
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.

5 And, now, we fight the battle,
And, then, we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow!
O state that know'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

BERNARD OF CLUGNY.

631

76, 86, Double.

1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light;
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

H. ALFORD.

632

C.M.

1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

WATTS.

633

87s. Double.

- 1 **H**ARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting
at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord,
to Thee;
Multitude which none can number, like the
stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
victory in their hand.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared
the way for Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor,
Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who
have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of
all, are there.

HEAVEN.

- 3 They have come from tribulation, and have
washed their robes in blood;
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus; tried
they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn
asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered Death and Satan, by the
might of Christ the Lord.
- 4 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they
have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their
Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by Death to Life Immortal, they were
born and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they
walk in golden light;
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and
infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever; and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blesséd Trinity.
- 6 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light,
Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together all the Saints
for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for
evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore.

C. WORDSWORTH.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

S.M.

634

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near :
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood, .
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless :
To those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love :
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

NEWTON.*

635

C.M.

- 1 **L** ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 Let not a thought our bosoms share,
 Which is not wholly Thine.
- 3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
 That grants it or denies.

CARLISLE.

636

C.M.

- 1 **L** ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear:
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts,
 Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear Thy voice and live;
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ, on Christ alone;

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

- 5 Patience to watch and wait and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 6 Give these,—and then Thy will be done:
 Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

MONTGOMERY.*

637

7s. Six lines.

- 1 **H**OLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn hour of prayer;
Grant that, while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to Thee;
Let Thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 While we gather round Thy throne,
Make Thy power and glory known;
As Thy children may we call
On our Father, Lord of all,
And with holy love and fear,
At Thy footstool now appear.
- 3 Teach us while we breathe our woes,
On Thy promise to repose;
All Thy power and love to trace,
In the Saviour's work of grace;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

W. H. BATHURST.

638

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray;
 Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:—
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt;

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end:

6 Show me what I have to do:
 Every hour my strength renew,
 Let me live a life of faith:
 Let me die Thy people's death.

NEWTON.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

639

87, 87, 887.

- 1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God :
Their Rock is our Salvation :
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation :
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they
brought ;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.
- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us ;
The Heavenly Shield around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us :
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing ;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing ;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth :
The Spirit who in them did sing,
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one ;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

- 5 Ye saints to come take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour!
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

T. H. GILL.

640

S.M.

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

MANT.

641

10 10 10 4.

- 1 **F**OR all the Saints who from their labours
rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest,
Alleluia!

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

- 2 Thou was their Rock, their Fortress, and their
Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true
Light.

Alleluia!

- 3 Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.

Alleluia!

- 4 Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia!

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong!

Alleluia!

- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way!

Alleluia!

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Alleluia!

W. W. HOW.

642

86, 86D.

1 **O** GOD of Grace, whose Hand we trace
Through all our changeful ways,
Thy patient care our fathers bare
In famous olden days.

Thy work they wrought, Thy glory sought,
Thy favour was their prize;
Their task they knew Thy will to do
And loss and shame despise.

2 The Gift was Thine, O Breath Divine,—
The Pentecostal Fire!

Thy Love did give the strength to live
The life Thou didst inspire.

Nought to refuse which Thou didst choose,
Thy Name to magnify,

By word and deed Thy cause to plead
And for Thee dare and die.

3 From land to land, by God's right hand,
The great Evangel sped,

Till east and west the Faith confessed
For which Christ's heroes bled.

His saving Name, His Cross of Shame
The ancient gods dethrone,

And Force and Pride are mortified
Where Love is Lord alone.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

4 Thy Truth we praise whose starry rays
Shone pure in error's night;
Thy saints were strong through years of wrong
To spread the Gospel light;
Thy cause to save, Reformers brave,
The fearless and the free,
O'er axe and cord, and stake and sword
Sang hymns of faith to Thee.

5 We hail Thy plan, O Son of Man,
With reverent hearts we bow,
"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done,"
Lord Jesus, bless us, Thou!
Thy Gospel fired, Thy Grace inspired
The saints from whom we sprang,
Teach us to sing, Immortal King,
The songs our fathers sang.

C. S. HORNE.

643

888888.

1 THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesu's feet how safe your rest!

2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their dreary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

- 3 The saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :
O happy saints ! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest !
- 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise,
And soar triumphant to the skies ;
O happy saints ! rejoice and sing :
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
- 5 O God of Saints, to Thee we cry ;
O Saviour, plead for us on high ;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,—
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

MACLAGAN.

644

76s. Double.

- 1 **T**O us have distant ages
Bequeathed their noblest thought ;
For us have holy sages
God's hidden wisdom sought ;
The truth of ancient teachers
Is precious to us still,
The words of ancient preachers
With sacred passion thrill—
- 2 Not dear their lives accounting,
The martyr's blood has flowed ;
Their spirits heavenward mounting,
The path to light have showed ;
Sublime their holy daring,
Its fruits to us belong—
Their faith and freedom sharing,
Their triumph and their song.

THE SAINTS OF PAST GENERATIONS.

- 3 Bright are their deeds in story !
We hail, with homage due,
The imperishable glory
Of the brave, the good, the true ;
In love their names enshrining,
We take the blessing given ;
Our lives, with theirs entwining,
We give to truth and heaven.

S. WOLCOTT.*

645

C.M.

- 1 GREAT God of hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them—
Thy glorious deeds of old.
- 2 Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword ;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race,
Who Thy great name adored.
- 3 Great God of hosts ! their God, and ours ;
Our only Lord and King ;
Let that right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.
- 4 To Thee the glory we'll ascribe
By whom the conquest came,
And in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy name.

EDWARD OSLER.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

646

C.M.

- 1 **D**EATH has no bidding to divide
The souls that dwell in Thee :
Yes, all who in the Lord abide
Are of one family.
- 2 They mingle still their songs, their prayers ;
Thy people, Lord, are one,
Thy people in the vale of tears,
Thy people near the throne.
- 3 Midst cherubim and seraphim
They mind their Lord's affairs ;
O ! if we bring our work to Him,
Our work is one with theirs.
- 4 O ! if we love the Lord they love
Our hearts to theirs are knit ;
The home below, the home above,
By the same light is lit.
- 5 Yet here their rapture may not burn,
Their peace may not prevail ;
Thy household here doth sometimes mourn,
Doth sometimes faint and fail.
- 6 O, unmixed sweetness of their song !
O, fulness of their love !
Lord ! hallow us to join ere long
Thy family above.

T. H. GILL.

647

C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne:
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

648

76, 76, Double.

- 1 **T**HE Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses
With every grace endued.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With Father, Spirit, Son,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. STONE.

649

11 11 11 5.

1 **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night, and Hope of every
 nation,
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows
 curling;
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
 Lord, while their darts of venom they are
 hurling,
 Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour
 faileth;
 Lord, Thou canst save when sin itself assaileth;
 Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell pre-
 vaileth :

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church where brothers are
engaging,
Peace where the world its busy war is waging :
Calm Thy foes raging.

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are
driven,
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have
striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

M. A. V. LOWENSTEIN, *tr.* P. PUSEY.

650

65, 65D.

- 1 JESUS, Thou hast willed it
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.
We the cross are bearing
Once on Jesus laid,
We the prayer are praying
That our Master prayed.
- 2 Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
Even though faint and weary
Waiting for the day,
When the Church, uniting,
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
In the Lord's own might.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

- 3 Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace,—
Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.
- 4 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one,
East and west together,
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
- 5 Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son who died,
Praise Him who doth ever
In His Church abide.
Praise through endless ages
To Thy name be done,
Holy, holy, holy,
God the Three in One.

JENNER.

C.M. Double.

651

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
On earth and heaven, are one.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join;
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Be Thou, O God, our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Then, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. WESLEY.*

652

66, 86, 86, 87, Irregular.

- 1 **S**TAND up before your God,
O multitude so bright!
Saints, martyrs, and confessors all,
In your dazzling robes of white.
The church below would join you now,
And her sad soul would raise,
From earthly tears and gloomy fears,
In a glorious act of praise.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

- 2 You, in the rest of God,
We by His holy will,
As parts of His great armament,
On distant service still !
A weary band, in foreign land,
Long exile we may see;
But faith can rise to yon fair skies,
For awhile with you to be.
- 3 You, in the light of God,
Safe hushed from all alarm;
Out of the wild and surging waves
You have passed into the calm.
No sinful stain, no grief, no pain,
Can ever mar your hymn;
But fears of death, they clog our breath,
And the mists around are dim.
- 4 So stand before your God,
In beautiful array;
Sound your uplifted trumpets loud,
In the triumphant way.
Your fight is done; your victory won !
Yours is the morning star !
The sea of glass gleams as ye pass,
And we hear your notes afar.
- 5 Salvation to our God,
And to the Lamb once slain !
We answer to your chorus high,
Worthy the Lamb ! again.
For us to God, by His own blood,
Hath He redeemed from woe,
We hope to sing with soaring wing,
And to unveiled glory go.

G. RAWSON.

653

- 1 **H**EAD of the church, our risen Lord,
Who by Thy Spirit dost preside
O'er the whole body; by whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified :
- 2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all Thy family at large,
That each in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.
- 3 So, through the grace derived from Thee,
In whom all fulness dwells above,
May Thy whole church united be,
And edify itself in love.

JOSIAH CONDER.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSING.

654

76s. Double.

- 1 **T**HOU hast a temple founded,
Thy church, on Thee, the Rock :
By faith securely grounded,
She stands the tempest's shock :
Her stones are all united
By the cement of love :
Her spire of hope is lighted
By sunbeams from above.
- 2 The Cross is on her portal,
Which with Thy blood baptized,
Invites to joys immortal
The world evangelized :
Thy grace is ever flowing
Throughout that temple bright,
A temple ever growing
In heavenly life and light.

- 3 Lord, make us by Thy merit,
There lively stones to be :
Compacted by Thy Spirit
In bonds of unity :
Jewels to deck for ever
The mural diadem
Which crowns the crystal river
Of new Jerusalem.

C. WORDSWORTH.

655

S.M.

- 1 **T**HE church of God below,
Is like His church above ;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.
- 2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest ;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent Guest.
- 3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer ;
And he that humbly on Him waits
Shall surely find Him there.
- 4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be ;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.
- 5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born ;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn !

H. F. LYTE.

656

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward, into battle,
 See His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.
- 2 At the sign of triumph,
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
 Hell's foundations quiver,
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane;
 But the church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSING.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

S. BARING GOULD.

657

- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy charter's freemen are,
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
With never fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
 Unharm'd, upon the eternal rock,
 The eternal city stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

658

87a.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee were spoken,
 G Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for His own abode.
- 2 Lord Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in Thy sight;
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the Gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 Lo! the just of every nation,
 Though in distant climes they rove;
 Still as citizens of Zion,
 Shall be registered above.

Altd. by HARRIET AUBER.

659

87, 87, 47.

- 1 O HOW blest the congregation,
 O Who the Gospel know and prize!
 Joyful tidings of salvation
 Brought by Jesus from the skies;
 He is near them,
 Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

— THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?
- 3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 God will keep His own anointed;
Nought shall harm them, none condemn:
All their trials are appointed;
All must work for good to them;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

H. F. LYTE.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

660

L M.

- 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.
- 4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. LYTE

661

S.M.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,—
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. DWIGHT.

2 In His name rejoicing
Walking in His light
And foretasting in His love
Something here of
Happy peace
Who shall harm them

3 In His righteousness
On from strength to strength
By ten thousand ills assailed
Yet preserved from harm
On to glory,
Safe they speed through

4 God will keep His own
Nought shall harm them
All their trials are appointed
All must work for good
All shall help
To their heavenly diadems

THE COMMUNION

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WCETT.*

C.M

61

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Lord,
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prove;
firm our hope,
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thy work of grace,
thy rest,
who see Thy face,
blest.

C. W.

662

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there enquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide:
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

WATTS.

663

- 1 **B**LEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.*

664

C.M

1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every evil heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into Thy way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burden bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among Thy saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

C. WESLEY.*

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

665

L.M.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus:
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.*

666

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy Gospel with success;
With joy we bow before Thy throne,
Thy glorious triumphs are our own.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

- 2 Those who have now Thy truth confessed
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We, in Thy name, with love embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above.

BATHURST.*

667

C.M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours,
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

- 5 Come with us ; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

MONTGOMERY.

668

C.M.

- 1 **L**IFT up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Come in, ye blesséd, who obey
The statutes of our King.
- 2 Here shall you taste eternal joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known the Saviour's name,
And ventured on His grace.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.
- 4 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

WATTS.*

669

C.M.

- 1 **O** CHRIST, with all Thy members one,
In us Thou sufferest still,
And with Thine own victorious might
Our fainting souls dost fill.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

- 2 Make these henceforth Thy care, O Lord,
Who would Thy servants be;
And teach them how, in days of strife,
To rest secure in Thee.
- 3 Through suffering Thou wast perfected,
And they must follow Thee
Through paths of darkness and of toil,
If they would crownéd be.
- 4 In darkness be their guiding light,
In toil their stay and strength;
And let them not the conflict fear,
Its soreness or its length.
- 5 For conflicts here, in heaven are crowns;
For toil, is sweet repose;
For pain and grief, is rapture high,
A solace for all woes.

R. A. B.

670

S.M.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And love Him while ye fear;
Come, and with heart and hand record,
Your vow and covenant here.
- 2 Vow to be His alone,
Who bought you with a price;
Now render back to God His own,
By free-will sacrifice.
- 3 Here to His altar brought,
Your covenant renew,
To be in word, and deed, and thought,
Faithful to Him and true,

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

- 4 And true and faithful He
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.
- 5 Then be His law our choice,
The joy of young and old,
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow to the fold.
- 6 So shall His staff and rod,
Conduct us and defend ;
God is a covenant-keeping God,
And loves unto the end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

671

C.M.

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAMES NEWTON.

672

C.M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow ;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.
- 2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

DISMISSAL OF MEMBERS.

- 3 Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.
- 4 Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.
- 5 O Father, pardon all the past;
Give back Thy wasted grace;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.
- 6 Still let Thy blesséd Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

W. W. HOW.

DISMISSAL OF MEMBERS.

673

L.M.

- 1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
The closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 And now to God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations join the loud Amen.

H. K. WHITE.

WHEN SEEKING A PASTOR.

C.M.

674

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of His heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 5 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

C. WESLEY.*

WHEN SEEKING A PASTOR.

675

L.M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us in our time of need,
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.
- 2 Upon him pour the Holy Ghost
With all the flame of Pentecost;
With Peter's faith, vouchsafe him all
The love of John, the zeal of Paul.

THE MINISTRY.

- 3 Be his, like Thee, O Jesus meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in Thy might made brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.
- 4 So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May he Thy sheep in safety bring
To those bright pastures of the King.
- 5 And when at last, O gracious Lord,
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light.

A. L. P.

THE MINISTRY.

676

S.M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word with power,
Co-workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-embracing love.

C. WESLEY.*

677

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, when to heaven He rose
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below;
And wide His royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live;
While, guarded by His potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

DODDRIDGE.

678

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute Thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Thy flock to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

NEWTON.

679

L.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of Light and Truth, to Thee,
 We trust Thy servants in this hour;
 May they with open heart and free
 Teach all Thy word, in all its power.
- 2 Where foemen watch their tents by night,
 And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
 Spirit of counsel and of might,
 Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.
- 3 And O! when worn and tired, they sigh
 With that more fearful war within,
 When passion's storms are loud and high,
 And brooding o'er remembered sin—
- 4 The heart dies down—O Mightiest! then
 Come, ever true; come, ever near;
 And wake their slumbering love again,
 Spirit of God's most holy fear!
- 5 Spirit of Christ! be earnest given
 That these our prayers are heard, and they
 Who grasp this hour the sword of heaven
 Shall feel Thee ever on their way.

KEBLE.*

680

L.M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer.
 We plead for those who plead for Thee;
 Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be Thine.
 To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
A blest reward for all their pain.
 - 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
Thy new-creating power adore.
 - 5 Let sinners break their heavy chains,
And souls distressed forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.
- BEDDOME.*

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

681

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD! Thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now await;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate.
- 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do Thy will.
- 3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!
- 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

5 O give him, in Thy holy work,
Patience to wait Thy time;
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime!

6 And grant Him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest:
Bless Thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless! and they shall be blest!

S. LONGFELLOW.

682

L.M.

1 **O** THOU, who on Thy chosen Son
Didst send Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love!

2 And, when the heralds of His name
Went forth His glorious truth to spread,
Didst send the tongues of living flame,
To hallow each devoted head;

3 So, Lord, Thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear Thy suppliant church to-day!
Accept our work, our souls possess!
'Tis ours to labour, watch, and pray;
Be Thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

H. WARE.*

683

- 1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head!
Come as a servant; so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

MONTGOMERY.

THE CHURCH SEEKING POWER.

684

L.M.

- 1 **O** THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the apostles' ardent host;
Baptise us with the hallowed flame
That fell from heaven at Pentecost.

THE CHURCH SEEKING POWER.

- 2 The fearless faith that cries repent !
Thy servants' earnest message fill ;
By Thee the living word was sent,
Thy presence makes it living still.
- 3 And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of freedom, mercy, truth, and right.
- 4 Immortal truth ! it lives in Thee ;
Our hope shall lean on Thee alone !
Thy Christ be all our liberty,
And all our strength and will Thy own !
- 5 Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming, and its rest !
- 6 Give Thy Son's heralds, from above,
The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath ;
The faith that worked in Christ by love,
The trust that triumphed in His death.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

685

886, 886.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, Thy grace inspire !
Who from the Son as from the Sire
Dost equally proceed ;
Within our hearts divinely glow,
Our lips with eloquence endow,
And strengthen us in need.
- 2 Thou to the lowly dost display
The beautiful and perfect way
Of justice and of peace ;
Avoiding every stubborn heart,
Thou to the simple dost impart
True wisdom's rich increase.

THE CHURCH SEEKING POWER.

- 3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below.
Cleanse us from sin; direct us right;
Illuminate us with Thy light;
Thy peace on us bestow.
- 4 And as Thou didst in days of old
On the first shepherds of the fold,
In tongues of flame descend,
Now also on its pastors shine,
And flood with fire of grace divine
The world from end to end.
- 5 So unto Thee, who with the Son
And Father art for ever One,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Be, through eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
And adoration given!

E. CASWALL.

686

L.M.

- 1 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us all with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
- 3 To watch and pray and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign,
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

- 1 **T**HE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
 But, at Thy gracious word,
 We will let down the net again;
 Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.
- 2 So, day by day, and week by week,
 In sad and weary thought
 They muse, whom God hath set to seek
 The souls His Christ hath bought.
- 3 At morn we look, and nought is there,
 Sad dawn of cheerless day;
 Who then from pining and despair
 The sickening heart can stay?
- 4 There is a stay, and we are strong;
 Our Master is at hand
 To cheer our solitary song,
 And guide us to the strand;
- 5 In His own time; but yet awhile
 Our bark at sea must ride;
 Cast after cast, by force or guile,
 All waters must be tried.
- 6 Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
 Triumph by our weak arm,
 Let not our sinful fancy trace
 Aught human in the charm.
- 7 To our own nets ne'er bow we down;
 Lest on the eternal shore
 The angels, while our draught they own,
 Reject us evermore.
- 8 Or if, for our unworthiness,
 Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
 In disappointment Thou canst bless,
 So love at heart prevail.

KEBLE.*

688

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Give me the childlike praying love,
 Which longs to build Thy house again ;
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
 Let it my ransomed soul devour.
- 2 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone ;
 To spend and to be spent for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
- 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into Thy blesséd hands receive ;
 And let me live to preach Thy word,
 And let me to Thy glory live ;
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine ;
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like Thine :
 And lead them to Thine open side,
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

C. WESLEY.*

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

689

78, 78, 88.

- 1 **B**LESSED Lord, Thy servants see
 Offering here obedience willing ;
 Lo we bring this child to Thee—
 Thus Thine own command fulfilling.
 'Tis Thine own assurance given ;
 Such are of Thy holy heaven.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

2 Prince of Peace, Thy peace bestow;
Shepherd, to Thy sheepfold take it;
Way of Life, its pathway show;
Head, Thy living member make it;
Vine abundant, life providing,
Keep this branch in Thee abiding.

3 Now upon Thy heart it lies;
Lo! we give Thee our heart's treasure,
Heavenward lead our prayers and sighs;
• Pour Thy blessing without measure.
Write the name we now have given—
Write it in the Book of Heaven.

SCHMOLK.

690

6 10 10 10.

1 FATHER, our children keep!
We know not what is coming on
the earth;

Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,
O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them
birth.

2 Father draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

3 Them in Thy chambers hide!
Oh hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

4 Oh keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That, clothed in white, through the bright
city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

H. BONAR.

691

87s. Double.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm!
- 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way;
 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

692

C.M.

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
 O Jesus, we confess;
 Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
 And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the Lord,
 May they be taught of Thee;
 And, made to know and trust Thy word,
 Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
 Our children's sins remove;
 And bring them through their evil day,
 To sing Thy praise above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

C. WESLEY.

693

C.M.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach—He cries—
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 Invited by the voice divine,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

694

C.M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Jesus, the Lord, that fought and bled,
And conquered when He fell;
That rose, and at His chariot wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell;
- 3 Jesus, our God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.
- 4 Victorious Lord! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever Thine.
- 5 We give Thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

WATTS.*

695

8884.

- 1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And shew the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!
- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come!
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood, shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come !
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred ;
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come !
- 6 O blessed hope ! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come !

G. RAWSON.

696

76, 76, 7776.

- 1 JESUS, Master of the feast !
The feast itself Thou art ;
Now receive Thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart ;
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down,
See us waiting at Thy feet,
And make Thy favour known.
- 2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need ;
Still sustain us by Thy love ;
Still Thy servant's strength repair,
Till we reach Thy courts above,
And feast for ever there.

C. WESLEY.

697

1 NO Gospel like this feast,
Spread for Thy church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the pierced side;
To us the Bread of Life.

5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height;
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight;

6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose,
Thy love prepares with God;

7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

MRS. CHARLES.*

698

777.

- 1 **J**ESUS to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise;
- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide,
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercé hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. BAYNES.

699

7s, Six lines.

- 1 **B**READ of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds our healing give;
To thy Cross we look and live;
Thou our life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

J. CONDER.*

591

700

65, 65.

- 1 JESU, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.
- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait,
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

F. W. FABER.

701

87, 87, 88.

- 1 O LEAD my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar Feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
How the eternal word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 We, who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
And one serene devotion feel;
And grow around thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless Vine.
- 3 We, who with one blest Food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure life from Thee, the Head,
Informing all the members flow;
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

702

L.M.

- 1 **A** ROUND a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be;
When going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said—Remember Me.
- 2 We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.
- 3 Nay! sculptured stones are for the dead!
Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore!
- 4 Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master! are Thine own possest;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.
- 5 Nay relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn!
“With you each day until the end!”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 6 Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee;
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

MRS. CHARLES.

703

C.M.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord;
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

704

7s.

- 1 "TILL He come," O let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords :
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that " Till He come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast !
 Hush, be every murmur dumb :
 It is only " Till He come."
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper, " Till He come."
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and break the bread ;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board ;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only " Till He come."

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

705

76, 76, 7776.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We thus recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find.
 Think on us who think on Thee ;
 Every burdened soul release ;
 O ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From iniquity release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

C WESLEY.*

706

76s. Double.

- 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat;
O manna sent from heaven
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.
- 2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art!
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee, unseen, adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more.
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

AQUINAS, *tr.* RAY PALMER.

707

98, 98.

- 1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

HEBER.

708

C.M.

- 1 **I**N memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.
2 By faith we take the Bread of Life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.
3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

T. COTTERILL.

709

- 1 **H**OW happy are Thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember Thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!
- 2 Who Thy mysterious supper share,
Here at Thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.
- 3 One with the living Bread divine
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.
- 4 So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love,
Then only can it closer be
When all are joined above.

C. WESLEY.

710

S.M.

- 1 **C**OME, listening spirit, come!
Good angels guide thy way,
A Saviour bids thee to His feast,
The gracious call obey.
- 2 No more the cold gray stone
His sepulchre doth seal,
'Tis rolled away,—and He is risen,
He stoops our wounds to heal.
- 3 Come, waiting spirit, come!
His hallow'd board is spread,
Turn from the false delights of earth,
And take the living bread,

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4 And in its strength divine,
Pass on thy pilgrim way,
Make Him thy pole-star through the night,
Thy sunbeam all the day.

5 Guarding with faithful heart
The promise of His love,
That those who share His feast below,
Shall be His guests above.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

711

C.M.

1 O GOD, unseen, but ever near,
Our blesséd rest art Thou !
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

2 All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

3 O welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above.

4 Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. LONGFELLOW.

712

10 10 10 10.

- 1 **N**OT worthy, Lord, to gather up the
crumbs,
With trembling hand that from Thy table
fall;
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee:
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with
me.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

713

C.M.

- 1 **P**LANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, in humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord!
- 2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our hearts, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

714

7s.

1 **F**ATHER, while we break this bread,
And with Christ remember thus,
Make us one with Him, our Head,
Thou in Him, and He in us.

2 While to lips with praise that glow,
This Communion cup we press,
Holy Father, let us grow
More like Him we here confess.

3 Reconcile us by Thy Son,
In whose name on Thee we call;
Make us perfect, all in one—
We in Him, and Thou in all.

J. PIERPOINT.

715

C.M.

1 **A** HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee nor Thine.

3 But by the Cross of Jesus taught,
And by Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

A. A. LIVERMORE.

716

7776.

- 1 **F**OR the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love Divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 3 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the seal and sign
Of the heavenly and Divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 4 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come,"
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 6 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR.

717

87, 87, 77.

- 1 **M**ASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee:
What hast Thou to say to me?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me ;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.
- 3 Master, speak ! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart ;
Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need ;
Speak ! and make me blest indeed.
- 4 Master, speak ! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee :
Master, speak, oh, speak to me !

F. R. HAVERGAL.

718

65s. Double.

- 1 JESUS, great Redeemer !
Source of life divine !
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine !
Light of peace eternal,
Prince of Peace restore ;
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore !

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed !
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need ;
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for thee !
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity !
- 3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in ;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin !
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure !
Let Thy perfect image
In our heart endure.
- 4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love ;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blesséd Dove !
Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesu's sake,
Our unworthy worship
Condescend to take !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

719

8886.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

720

10 10 10 10.

- 1 **T**HIS is My body, which is given for you :
Do this—He said, and break—remem-
bering Me.
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.
- 2 This is My blood, for sins' remission shed—
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing
round :
So let us drink, and, on life's fulness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse
shall bound.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 The hour is come ! with us in peace sit down ;
Thine own belovéd, O love us to the end ;
Serve as one banquet, ere the night's dark
frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our
Friend.
- 4 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore ;
Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits every whit
Are clean—Yet cleanse our goings more and
more.
- 5 Some will betray Thee—Master, is it I ?
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin
is near.
- 6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim ;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening
sense ;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice—Arise, let us go hence.

C. L. FORD.

721

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW rich are Thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnished from above ;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh ;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 From the broad road that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.
- 4 What shall we render to the Son,
That left the heaven of His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?
- 5 It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost His own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 6 Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.

WATTS.*

722

84, 10 10.

- 1 **T**HOU givest us the bread of life,
Without the strife,
The weariness of heart, the toil, the care,
With which our earthly tables we prepare.
- 2 The world is full of deep unrest;
But we are blest,
Who see our loving Father's table spread,
E'en in the wilderness, with daily bread.
- 3 Nor bread alone, but also wine,
The living Vine,
Supplies us daily from the unfailing store,
That we may never thirst or hunger more.
- 4 Thou lovest us, we need not fear
To draw so near:
Thou longest all Thy weary ones to feed,
For Thou alone canst satisfy our need.

E. S.

723

- 1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
 Here I would touch and handle things
 unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here I would feed upon the bread of God;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
 heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table, spread for me;
 Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with
 Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is passed and
 gone;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
 love.

H. BONAR.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

724

L.M.

- 1 **F**LING out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Fling out the banner of the cross,
 The cross on which the Saviour died.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Our glory only in the cross ;
Our only hope the Crucified.
- 5 Fling out the banner ! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine ;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. DOANE.*

725

76a. Double.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER

726

L.M

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro'
Thee.

MONTGOMERY.

727

87, 87, 47.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blesséd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching
Thine eternal love proclaim;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the Great Immanuel's land.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

W. WILLIAMS.

728

76, Eight lines with Chorus.

- 1 **T**HE whole wide world for Jesus—
This shall our watchword be,
Up on the highest mountain,
Down by the widest sea—
The whole wide world for Jesus!
To Him all men shall bow,
In city or in prairie—
The world for Jesus now!
The whole wide world,
The whole wide world—
Proclaim the gospel tidings thro'
The whole wide world;
Lift up the cross for Jesus,
His banner be unfurl'd—
Till ev'ry tongue confess Him thro'
The whole wide world!
- 2 The whole wide world for Jesus,
Inspires us with the thought
That ev'ry son of Adam
Should by His blood be bought;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
O faint not by the way!
The cross shall surely conquer
In this our glorious day.
The whole wide world,

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus—
The marching order sound—
Go ye and preach the gospel
Wherever man is found,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurl'd—
We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world!
The whole wide world,

4 The whole wide world for Jesus—
In the Father's house above
Are many wondrous mansions—
Mansions of light and love;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Ride forth, O conquering King,
Through all the mighty nations
The world to glory bring!
The whole wide world,

CATHERINE JOHNSON.

729

C.M.

1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blesséd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

4 Lord, Lord ! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine !

SIR E. DENNY.

730

664, 6664.

1 THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray—
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Holy and blessed Three!
Thou glorious Trinity!
Wisdom! Love! Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
Let there be light.

MARRIOTT.

731

8884.

- 1 FROM north, and south, and east, and west,
When shall the peoples, long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in Thee?
- 2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the Gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee?
- 3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast
O Christ, in Thee?
- 4 O! when, in all the Orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands,
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee?
- 5 O! when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light from pole to pole,
And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee?
- 6 Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their Refuge, Tower,
And Home in Thee!

G. T. COSTER.

- 1 **L**IFT the Gospel banner,
Wave it far and wide,
Thro' the crowded city,
Over ocean's tide!
Sound the proclamation,
Peace to all mankind;
Jesus and salvation
All the world may find.
March, then, comrades,
In the Saviour's might:
Onward, upward,
Ever in the light!
Lift the Gospel banner,
Wave it far and wide,
Thro' the crowded city,
Over ocean's tide!
- 2 Let us raise the fallen,
Lend th' oppress'd a hand,
Teach the Christly lesson
All may understand:
Go where hard'ning vices
Have their strongest hold,
Like a sweet dove gentle,
Like a lion bold.
March, then, comrades,
- 3 Lift the Gospel standard,
Spread the Gospel light,
Let the blessed radiance
Flame o'er the heathen night,
Love is God's own sunshine,
Such as angels prove;
Conquer men by kindness—
God Himself is love.
March, then, comrades,

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Let us raise to action,
Work with one design,
Work with Christ and triumph
In the work divine;
Vict'ry's palm awaits us,
Let us then work on
Till we hear the welcome
"Faithful ones, well done!"
March, then, comrades,

B. GOUGH.

733

C.M.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favoured land.
- 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.

- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
 And yield a full increase;
 Our God will crown His chosen isle
 With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
 His choicest favours here;
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

WATTS.

734

76, Eight lines.

- 1 **F**AR off our brethren's voices
 Are borne from distant lands,
 Far off our Father's children
 Reach out their waiting hands.
 "Give us," they cry, "our portion;
 Co-heirs of grace divine!
 Give us the Word of promise,
 On us let glory shine."
- 2 Yea, though the world of waters
 Between us ever rolls,
 No ocean wastes may sever
 The brotherhood of souls;
 Far from us, they are of us;
 No bound of all the earth
 May part the sons and daughters
 Who share the second birth.
- 3 Together, heavenward, homeward;
 For ever in our view
 One spiritual city—
 Jerusalem the New;
 For ever drawing nearer
 To One beloved, adored,
 The Crucified who bought us,
 The crowned Incarnate Lord.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Lord God ! Eternal Father !
Send down the Holy Dove,
For His dear sake who loved us,
To quicken us in love.
Bless us with His compassion,
That we, or ere we rest,
May work to bless our brethren,
And, blessing, be more blest.

S. J. STONE.*

735

7s. Six lines.

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. LYTE.

736

C.M.

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God !
Upon Thy people shine;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.

2 Give light and comfort to Thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord !
Let all their homage bring ;
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King !

4 Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord !
Then earth her fruits shall give ;
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

H. F. LYTE.*

737

87s. Double.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee ;
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

- 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. COXE.

738

98, 98, 98, 98.

- 1 I HEAR ten-thousand voices singing
 Their praises to the Lord on high,
 Far distant shores and hills are ringing
 With anthems of their nations' joy,—
 “ Praise ye the Lord for He has given
 To lands in darkness hid, His light :
 As morning rays light up the heaven,
 His word has chased away our night.”
- 2 On China's shores I hear His praises
 From lips that once kissed idol stones,
 Soon as His banner He upraises,
 The Spirit moves the breathless bones,—
 “ Speed Thy work o'er land and ocean ;
 The Lord in triumph has gone forth ;
 The nations hear with strange emotion,
 From east to west, from south to north.”
- 3 The song has sounded o'er the waters,
 And India's plains re-echo joy ;
 Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
 Soft singing, as the wheel they ply—
 “ Thanks to Thee, Lord ! for hopes of glory,
 For peace on earth to us revealed ;
 Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
 Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed.”

- 4 On Africa's sunny shore glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The Negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free,—
“Sing, brothers, sing, yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live:
E'en we are heralds of salvation;
The world He gave we'll freely give.”
- 5 O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud,
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd,—
“Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed!
For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid.”
- 6 Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming,
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea,
The angel's trump proclaims His coming—
Our day of endless Jubilee—
“Hail to Thee Lord! Thy people praise Thee,
In every land Thy Name we sing,
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee:
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious
King!”

H. W. FOX.

739

7a.

1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 3 As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers
Clothe the wilderness again,—
- 4 So Thy Spirit shall descend,
Softening every stony heart,
And His sweetest influence lend,
All that's lovely to impart.
- 5 Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of heaven.
- 6 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER.

740

664, 6664.

- 1 CHRIST for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

3 Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. WOLCOTT.

741

136, 136, 13 13 13 15.

1 TELL it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout
and sing :
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of
Peace :
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves
may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King
for evermore.

- 2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour
reigns,
 Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst
their chains;
 Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus
lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He
gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to
save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed
o'er the grave.
- 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns
above,
 Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is
love;
 Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes
at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean
foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad
shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the
sea.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

L.M.

742

- 1 LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
 Benighted in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. BRYANT.

743

S.M.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

WARDLAW.

744

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright,
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky :
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.
- 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

W. W. HOW.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

745

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Thy presence when it breaketh,
Lord, on some rapt soul apart;
Sweet Thy Spirit when it speaketh
Peace unto some lonely heart;
Blest the raptures
From unaided lips that start.
- 2 But more bright Thy presence dwelleth
In a waiting, burning throng;
Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth
Of a many-voicéd song :
More divinely
Glows each soul glad souls among.
- 3 Not alone, each angel waiteth ;
Not apart, each seraph sings ;
Lo ! the Heavenly Host dilateth,
Circling bright the King of kings :
Hark ! the rapture
From ten thousand voices rings.
- 4 With that radiant throng supernal
Grant me, Lord, to shine for Thee ;
With that harmony eternal
Blend my song eternally !
Let me love Thee
Dearer still in company.

T. H. GILL.

- 1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.
- 2 Oh, happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres,
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.
- 3 Though rugged their way,
They drink as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow.
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.
- 4 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair,
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
Without Thee enjoyed.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 The Lord is a sun ;
The Lord is a shield :
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

CONDER.*

747

L.M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs,
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 God is our sun ; He makes our day ;
God is our shield ; He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too,
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee ;
Blessed is the man that trusts in Thee.

WATTS.

748

1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry—
 Come, let us seek our God to-day ;
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray and praise and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fixed His royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there :
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest :
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 Peace to this sacred house !
 For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee His blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD God ! of old who wentest
 Where'er the ark removed,
 Who Thine own presence lentest,
 To Sion's hill beloved ;
 Who in the cloud didst render
 Thine Israel's camp divine,
 And in the fiery splendour
 Amidst her host didst shine ;
- 2 Where now is seen Thy glory ?
 Where makest Thine abode ?
 Where now on earth doth tarry
 The presence of our God ?
 For still Thine arm Thou showest,
 For still Thou dost appear,
 Thy presence Thou bestowest
 Still in Thy temple here.
- 3 Where'er Thy saints confess Thee
 With lifted hearts and hands,
 Where'er Thy people bless Thee,
 There, there Thy temple stands.
 Thy presence thence they carry,
 Thy presence thither bring ;
 Thou stayest where they tarry,
 Still with them goes their King.
- 4 Thou dwellest, Heavenly Father,
 Where Thine own children meet ;
 Where His redeeméd gather,
 The Saviour there they greet.
 Where linkéd souls are yearning
 The Spirit yearneth there ;
 Where hearts and lips are burning
 He breathes the praise and prayer.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5 Lord, come and with us tarry!
Lord, come and with us go!
Be this Thy sanctuary,
Thy presence here bestow.
Here spread Thy consecration,
Here spend Thine utmost grace;
Our souls Thy habitation,
Our songs Thy dwelling-place.

T. H. GILL.

750

77, 87, Double.

- 1 **F**ATHER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.
- 2 Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And leads the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.
- 3 That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live for ever!
And since Thy great compassion
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear Thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,
Oh! then, let hope attend us;
Thy peace to us be given;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing Thy praise in heaven.

WARE.

751

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **L**O! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Great God of glory, may Thy grace
Our souls with strength and rapture fill;
Now may we see Thee face to face,
Now learn to do Thy holy will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY.*

752

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue;
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
 Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
 Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well;
- 3 From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty bend the knee;
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
 To Thee at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

PIERPONT.

753

78, 78, 88.

- 1 **B**LESSED Jesus, at Thy word
 We are gathered all to hear Thee;
 Let our hearts and souls be stirred
 Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
 By Thy teachings sweet and holy
 Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
 Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
 Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
 With the beams of truth unclouded;
 Thou alone to God canst win us,
 Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
 Light of light from God proceeding,
 Open Thou our ears and heart,
 Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;
 Hear the cry Thy people raises,
 Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

CLAUSNITZER, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

754

75, 75, 75, 75, 88.

1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee;
 When the troubled seeking peace,
 On Thy name shall call;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall;
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love;
 When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace;
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3 When the stranger asks a home
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;

When Thy widowed, weeping church,
 Looking for a home,
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,
 Come, Lord Jesus, come!
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H BONAR.

755

886, 886.

- 1 **N**OT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,
 Make our glad spirits glow.
 Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
 On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
 The living God we know.
- 2 We joy not only to be told,
 How with Thy saints and seers of old
 Thou madest sweet abode.
 We of Thy presence bright can tell,
 Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
 We feel the living God.
- 3 Thou settest us each task divine;
 We bless that helping hand of Thine,
 This strength by Thee bestowed.
 Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
 Thine own the cause—Thine own the might,
 We serve the living God.
- 4 Ah! soon we droop! ah! soon we tire;
 Our fainting hearts new strength require,
 Again would quickened be.
 We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
 To Thee we come for life divine,
 Thou living God, to Thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 O more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed;
Our constant Quickener be.
Thou living God, possess us still;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessed life in Thee.

THOMAS H. GILL.

756

668, 668, 3366.

- 1 GOD is in His temple,
The Almighty Father!
Round His footstool let us gather:—
Him with adoration
Serve the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly.
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation:—
God is in His temple!
- 2 Christ comes to His temple:
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered!
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed:—
Christ comes to His temple!
- 3 Come, and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit:—
Make in us Thy dwelling;
Thy high work fulfilling,
Into ours Thy will instilling;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple!

W. TIDD MATSON.

757

10 9, 10 9, 10 10 8, 10 10 8.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory to God in the highest!
Angels in chorus joyfully cry;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Trembling and weak our voices reply.
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the fountain of love,
Glory to God in the highest!
What though but feebly our accents arise,
Deigning to hearken, He bends from the skies,
Glory to God in the highest!
- 2 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright-beaming stars of midnight proclaim,
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
All nature peals forth in praise to His name,
Warbles the woodland, and whispers the breeze,
Roar out the torrents and tempest-tossed seas,
Glory to God in the highest!
Loud His creation still ceaseless prolongs,
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs,
Glory to God in the highest!
- 3 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Mortals break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty, thronéd above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love.
Glory to God in the highest!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Spread through creation, His grandeur we
trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace,
Glory to God in the highest!

W. TIDD MATSON.

758

8s.

- 1 **W**E come to the place of our rest,
Each traveller comes with his friend;
A brotherly heart is the best,
If heavenward our footsteps we bend:
How many the journeys have gone!
How various the tales that they tell!
But all who go patiently on
Shall find at the end it is well.
- 2 We come to the temple of peace,
As comrades we come from the war;
Our limbs from their armour release,
To-morrow the sword we must draw.
We'll hear how the weak have prevailed,
And think of the deeds they have done;
And then, when we next are assailed,
Success may be easily won.
- 3 We come for the hour of repose,
As labourers we come from our toil;
We'll think of the prosperous close,
Nor rest let anxiety spoil:
We'll sit on the side of the hill,
And look on the fields we have sown;
The ears are beginning to fill,
The harvest will soon be our own.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

759

1 **N**OW have we met that we may ask
 Recruited vigour for the task
 Of living as we would :
 For we would live by that same word,
 Which all the honoured men have heard
 Who by their faith have stood.

2 By faith first vanquishing their fear,
 They met each foe as he drew near,
 And still the victory won ;
 And often saved from deadly harm,
 They sang anew the ancient psalm,
 " God is our shield and sun."

3 Through God alone can man be strong ;
 To comfort us He gave this song :
 " In Jesus Christ we stand ;
 Death held Him in his gloomy prison,
 He broke the chains, and has arisen,
 To rule the deathless land."

4 His is the new and ancient word ;
 All wisdom man hath ever heard
 Hath been both his and He :
 He is the very life of truth,
 In Him it has eternal youth,
 And certain victory.

5 An inner light, an inner calm
 Have they who trust his champion arm,
 And hearing do his will :
 For things are not as they appear ;
 In death is life, in trouble cheer,
 So faith is conqueror still.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 6 Thus would we live; and therefore pray
For strength renewed, that we may say,
Our life, it upward tends:
If we who sing must sometimes sigh,
Yet life, beginning with a cry,
In hallelujah ends.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

760.

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee!
- 2 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
- 3 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer;
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.
- 4 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright:
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

J. MILTON.

761

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before;
And by Thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to Thee.
- 3 Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.
- 4 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won
To home and Thee again,
And as we are Thy children true,
We are more truly men.
- 5 Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to Thee;
The bondage of Thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.
- 6 So now we come to ask again,
What Thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven.

B. WAUGH.

762

7s.

- 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. LYTE.

763

C.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily toil set free,
And met within this peaceful place,
To rest awhile with Thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care;
And scarcely dare we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
 Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
 On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
 In truth and patience wrought.
 Thine is the forge, the loom, the mart,
 The wealth of land and sea;
 The worlds of science and of art,
 Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
 In all we do and know;
 And own that King of all the earth
 Art Thou, and not Thy foe.
 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
 As Thou wouldst have it done;
 And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
 Itself with work be one.

JOHN ELLERTON.

764

C.M.

- 1 **W**E love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God:—
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal Light to clear
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the Church a blessing found,
 That filled their homes again;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of Heaven above
Springs from the life below.
- 6 They live with God, their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.
- 7 On him who by the altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all.

R. W. EMERSON.

765

10s.

- 1 "LIFT up your hearts!" We lift them,
Lord, to Thee;
Here at Thy feet none other may we see;
"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so, with one
accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.
- 2 Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the light of love's decay,
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to-day.
- 3 Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not
name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the
whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!
- 4 Let every gift that Thou Thyself hast given:
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
“Lift up your hearts!” rings pealing in our
ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full
accord,
“We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!”

H. MONTAGUE BUTLER.

766

L.M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above,
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
No guilt the conscience to oppress;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But wait the nobler rest above.

DODDRIDGE.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

767

C.M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

WATTS.

768

S.M.

- 1 **T**O Thee, in ages past,
Our pious fathers came;
On Thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.
- 2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace;
And oft thy faithfulness they proved,
When they had sought Thy face.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3 Their faith in Thee was strong;
Their godliness was pure;
And while Thou wast their strength and song
They all things could endure.

4 Their steps may we pursue,
As they obeyed their Lord;
So may our hearts and lives be new,
And with Thy will accord.

5 O be Thou with us here,
And Thy rich grace display;
For our salvation, Lord, appear,
On this Thy hallowed day.

BULMER

769

7s. Double.

1 **L**ORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day!
Thou who camest from on high
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free;
Let us find our rest in Thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That Thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath home above.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: COMMENCEMENT.

- 3 From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear?
'Tis the golden crowns on high,
'Tis the chorus of the sky!
Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.
- 4 Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness;
Then at length a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp, and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore!

KLOPSTOCK, *tr.* HYMNS LAND OF LUTHER.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: COMMENCEMENT.

770

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without cloud, in heaven we see.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: COMMENCEMENT.

- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed for evermore.

KELLY.*

771

L. M. D.

- 1 **O**UR Father, God! not face to face,
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret majesty;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy Spirit there.
- 2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our many sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.
- 3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life!

E. H. CHAPIN.

772

C.M.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee :
 There shall our vows be paid :
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
 All flesh shall seek Thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
 But pardoning grace is Thine ;
 And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
 To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose,
 To bring them near Thy face ;
 Grant them a dwelling in Thy house,
 To feast upon Thy grace.
- 4 In answering what Thy church requests,
 Thy truth and terror shine ;
 And works of dreadful righteousness
 Fulfil Thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
 The Lord is good and just ;
 And distant islands fly to Thee,
 And make Thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread Thy glittering tokens, Lord,
 When signs in heaven appear ;
 But they shall learn Thy holy word,
 And love as well as fear.

WATTS.

773

C.M.

- 1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 Those who through Christ draw near
 To pay their living sacrifice,
 And worship in Thy fear.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: COMMENCEMENT.

- 2 Well-pleased in Him, Thyself declare;
Thy pardoning love reveal;
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every waiting heart.
- 4 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what we require:
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.
- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

C. WESLEY.*

774

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy and peace and love.
- 2 Great Comforter! our souls confess,
Without Thy presence here
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.
- 3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word!
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

TOPLADY.*

775

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, in what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

W TWEILS.

776

L. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May heaven and prayer for ever dwell.

S. LONGFELLOW.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: CLOSE.

777

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **L** ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: CLOSE.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

MADAN.

778

87s.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON.

779

7s.

- 1 **N**OW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight:
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.
3 To that great Redeemer's praise
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

NEWTON.*

780

- 1 **A**ND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here, lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How far Thy beauties shine.
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

W. BRIGHT.

. THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

10s.

781

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day,
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming
night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON.

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

886, 886.

782

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING..

- 2 What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away !
What transports fill my breast !
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.
- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I see her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, a glorious train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

MERRICK.*

783

86, 86, 88.

- 1 SWEET day of worship, day of rest,
Heaven's impress on our life,
May weary heart and brain oppressed
Now cease from care and strife ;
And in communion still and sweet,
Sit lowly at the Master's feet.
- 2 It comes, long looked-for ; weary eyes
Have pined its light to see,
Have waited for this morn to rise,
As prisoners to be free ;
For thus by sign and shadow known
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

- 3 We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
The streets of shining gold;
Until, without, we yet begin
The thankful song they chant within.
- 4 May the fair blessing of the time
Hold every heart in peace,
And echoes of the eternal chime
Linger when songs must cease;
May God, who dwelleth everywhere,
Make all the world our house of prayer;
- 5 Till we abide where perfectly
God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
And all our prayer be praise;
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
To set no more in eventide.

LUCY F. MASSEY.

784

C.M.

- 1 **T**HIS day, the blessed Lord of Life,
The universe began;
This day the world's Creator rose,
O'ercoming death for man.
- 2 Father of lights! keep us this day
From sinful passions free;
Grant us, in every word, and deed,
And thought, to honour Thee.
- 3 While here, on this Thy holy day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our prayers and praises heavenward rise,
Do Thou Thy blessings shower.

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

- 4 Stretch out Thy mighty hand to save!
O hear us in Thy love!
Cleanse us from guilt, our souls restore
To their blest home above.
- 5 Saviour divine! Thy presence grant,
Wash Thou our sins away;
Breathe on us peace—grant us with Thee
The joys of endless day.

GREGORY.

785

76, 76, 76, 76.

- 1 **T**HE light of God's dear Sabbath
Shines o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees,
'Mid weary wastes of sand;
- 2 As bursts of glorious sunshine
Across a stormy sea,
Revealing to the sailors
That port where they would be—
The calm and peaceful haven,
The dazzling golden shore
The home of saints and angels,
Where sin is known no more.
- 3 O day! when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy;—
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

- 4 O we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.
- 5 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!
- 6 May we in joy and gladness,
Reach Thy fair home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.*

786

6s. Six lines.

- 1 **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

- 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
- 4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
- 5 To God, the Word, on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise :
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
- 6 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
" May Jesus Christ be praised !"

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

- 7 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
“ May Jesus Christ be praised !”
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
“ May Jesus Christ be praised !”

GERMAN, 19TH CENTURY, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

787

C.M. or 446, 446.

1 **M**Y soul, awake !
Thy rest forsake,
And greet the morning light ;
With song arise—
Glad sacrifice
For mercies of the night.

2 With courage drest,
Strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad,
Fearless and true,
Thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.

3 Amid the strife
Of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss
Thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.

4 In liberty
Of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part ;
And thou shalt find,
By faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.

THE LORD'S DAY: MORNING.

5 O blesséd rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God,
Jehovah ! Lord !
Adored Immanuel !

JANE E. LIVOCK.

788

888.

- 1 O LORD, it is a blesséd thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering :—
- 2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day :—
- 3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
- 4 O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armour bright.
- 5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.
- 6 Light of the world ! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

W. W. HOW.

L.M.

789

- 1 **H**AIL, morning known among the blest !
Morning of hope and joy and love ;
Of heavenly peace and holy rest ;
Pledge of the endless rest above.
- 2 Blessed be the father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son ;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.
- 4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.
- 5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord !
Thy fire to every bosom bring ;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

WARDLAW.

790

L.M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STENNETT.

791

7s.

- 1 **T**O Thy presence I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say—
I have walked with God to-day.

MONTGOMERY.*

792

L.M. Double.

- 1 O GOD, whose angels once did bless
The wanderer in his lonely sleep,
Descending, rising, to and fro,
Their watch around his couch to keep;
Be with us now, let seraph tongues
Breathe forth their song of sin forgiven,
And tell us this is holy ground,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 2 O Lord, whose glory once did shine
With mystic cloud the courts to fill,
Which David's son, in kingly state,
Had reared on Zion's holy hill.
Be with us now, as Priest and King,
In clouds and darkness claim Thine own,
Let this our temple see Thy light,
Thou Christ upon Thy Father's throne.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, Lord of Life,
Whose voice we hear in varying tones,
Revealing glories yet to come—
The temple built of living stones;
Cleanse Thou our hearts, our roughness
smooth,
And bring us daily nearer Thee,
Within Thine own eternal house,
As polished corner-stones to be.

MORNING.

- 4 O mystic Three, O Holiest One,
Thou Lord of Wisdom, Light, and Love,
Give strength to do Thy work on earth,
Give grace to sing Thy praise above;
Let infant lips Thy glory speak,
On youth Thy choicest blessings send;
Let manhood find its rest in Thee,
And age grow riper for the end.
- 5 So on through all the circling years,
May reverent footsteps mark the days,
And full-toned voices offer here
Their morning sacrifice of praise.
So guide us through earth's toilsome paths,
And bid us onward, upward rise,
That we, when all our work is done,
May rest with Thee in Paradise.

PLUMPTRE.

MORNING.

793

L M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear.
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.

MORNING.

- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENN.

L.M.

794

- 1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

MORNING.

- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.
- 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

795

C.M.

- 1 I THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.
- 2 Like pleasant thoughts of those we love,
Which are of self a part,
Which neither day nor night remove
Out of the loving heart;

MORNING.

- 3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be,—
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in Thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

796

S.M.

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.
- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
- 6 Oh, hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. SPURGEON.

EVENING.

L.M.

797

- 1 **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
- 2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.
- 3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.
- 4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.

AMBROSE, *tr.* NEALE.

EVENING.

L.M.

798

- 1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Their holy vows to Thee they vowed.
- 2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

EVENING.

- 3 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
- 5 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 6 Yet one prayer more; and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!

MONTGOMERY.

799

87s.

- 1 **F**OR the gifts which have descended
From Thy gracious hand to-day,
Heavenly Father, we would thank Thee,
Ere the Sabbath dies away.
- 2 While the western glory waneth,
While the shadows lengthen fast,
We will gather round Thine altar,
Praising Thee for mercies past.
- 3 For a day of rest we thank Thee,
For the peace each hour has brought,
For the word of life imparted,
For Thy presence, found when sought;

EVENING.

- 4 For the hope that has been strengthened,
Faith almost transformed to sight;
For the love which, faint at morning,
Burns an ardent flame to-night.
- 5 Most of all, for those we thank Thee
Who have pardoning grace received,
Listened to the Spirit's pleading,
On the Son of God believed.
- 6 Raise we, then, exulting voices,
All Thy goodness to proclaim;
May our songs, by Christ presented,
Find acceptance through His name.

MRS. PARKER.*

800

7773.

- 1 **N**OW the purple twilight falling,
Summons thoughts from earth away,
And our spirits in the stillness
Kneel and pray.
- 2 Worldly cares and toils forgotten,
For a little space we meet,
Learning higher, holier lessons
At His feet.
- 3 Sun eternal ! Sun transcendent !
On our darkness ever shine ;
Light, and power, and joy unfailing,
All are thine !
- 4 Nought is ours of good to offer,
Sin we mourn from day to day ;
Fairest deeds in Thy pure radiance
Fade away.

EVENING.

- 5 Yet we come, Thy promise pleading—
Where are gathered two or three,
In Thy Name, a blessing seeking
Thou wilt be.
- 6 Meet us, Saviour, in our weakness,
Strength impart, and faith renew,
To Thy service make us loyal,
Keep us true !
- 7 Lay Thy gentle hands of healing
On the stricken souls, and sad,
With the comfort of Thy presence,
Make us glad.
- 8 So dispel all shades of darkness,
Cheer and help us by Thy grace,
Till in Heaven's bright home we see Thee,
Face to face !

A. E. LYDDON.

801

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

EVENING.

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's brief
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

F. W. FABER.*

802

C.M.

- 1 THE day of rest is passed away,
The shades of evening fall;
Jesus, in parting we would pray,
Shed down Thy peace on all.

EVENING.

- 2 Give every burdened spirit rest,
Each wandering heart recall;
Receive the contrite to Thy breast,
And shed Thy peace on all.
- 3 On Thy kind arm may we repose,
Nor ills nor fears forestall;
Enough if through life's cares and woes
Thy peace enshrine us all.
- 4 The storms of life will soon be o'er;
Why should they then appal?
The land is nigh where Christ shall pour
Eternal peace on all.

STOWELL.

803

7s.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled all our prayers with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last;

EVENING.

- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

G. NOEL.

804

12 11, 12 11.

- 1 **H**OW calmly the evening once more is
descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending
May we and our households continue to
share!
- 2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.
- 3 We come to be soothed with His merciful
healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of
the day;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity
feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we
pray.
- 4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-
morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected pos-
sessed.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee.
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENN.*

806

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling, wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 7 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

807

- 1 **A** BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me
abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord ;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
me.
- 6 I fear no foe ; with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

EVENING.

- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

LYTE.*

808

I.M.

- 1 **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thy ear :
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him, through time, till time shall
end,
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

809

- 1 **T**HE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. ELLERTON.

810

98, 98.

- 1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

EVENING.

- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. ELLERTON.

811

65, 65.

- 1 **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

EVENING.

- 6 Through the long night watches
 May Thy angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run.

S. BARING-GOULD.

812

83, 36.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour
 This day showed
 By my God,
 I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
 To Thy name,
 Still the same,
 Merciful and tender?
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
 In Thy way;
 Heard me pray,
 Sanctified my doings.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let Thy peace
 Be my bliss,
 Till Thou hence remove me.

EVENING.

5 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

J. CENNICK.

813

11 11 11 5.

1 **N**OW God be with us, for the night is
closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,
For He shields us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er
us;
In soul and body from all harm defend us;
Thine Angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes
us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning
wakes us;
All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge: none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast
made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them
lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

EVENING.

5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom
given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

PETRUS HERBERT, *tr.* MISS WINKWORTH.

814

887, 887.

1 FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free,
Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
Through the day Thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride and vanity;
From the world, the flesh deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own infinity;
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blesséd Trinity.

G. RAWSON.

815

8884.

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

EVENING.

- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ; —
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.
- 4 Where light, and life, and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ; —
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

G. THRING.

816

L.M.

- 1 SWEET evening hour, sweet evening hour !
That calms the air and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.
- 2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks amid the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !
- 3 Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
Open the quiet of Thy light,
And call the fettered souls above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.
- 4 Be with us in this evening time,
When feelings flow and wishes climb ;
Thy care disperse our earthly care ;
Hear, and receive our parting prayer.

H. F. LYTE.

817

10s. Six lines.

- 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
 glows;
 Oh, brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
 Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
 Where Thou art present darkness cannot be,
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
 O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
 Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst appear
 Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
 Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
 assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
 When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
 And hear Thy voice - Fear not, for it is I!
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide,
 In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. WORDSWORTH.

818

L.M.

- 1 **O** BLEST Creator of the light!
 Who didst the dawn from darkness bring,
 And framing nature's depth and height,
 Didst with the new-born light begin;

EVENING.

- 2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day;
Now night's dark shade is o'er us borne,
Oh, hear us, as to Thee we pray.
- 3 Let not our souls, by guilt depressed,
Or vexed by thoughts impure and vain,
So lose the way to endless rest,
Drawn down by sin to earth again.
- 4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door,
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.
- 5 Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Hear us, O Holy Ghost, most high,
Now, and while endless ages run.

GREGORY, *tr.* E. CASWALL*

819

7s.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of His will!
- 2 Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

EVENING.

- 4 Holy Truth, eternal Right—
 Let them break upon my sight;
 Let them shine unclouded still,
 And with light my being fill.

W. H. FURNESS.

820

76, 76, 88.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over;
 We lift our hearts to Thee,
 And pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of night may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And save us through the coming night.
- 2 The toils of day are over;
 We raise our hymns to Thee,
 And ask that free from danger
 The hours of night may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.
- 3 Be Thou our souls' Defender,
 Good Lord, for Thou dost know
 How varied are the perils
 Through which we have to go.
 Thou, ever watchful, hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all.

ANATOLIUS, (?) *tr.* NEALE.*

821

C.M. Double.

- 1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie.
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day;
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

EVENING.

- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
- 3 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose !

A. A. PROCTER.

822

664, 6664.

- 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might,
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray—
Bless us to-night.
- 2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

EVENING.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

GEORGE RAWSON.*

823

87s.

- 1 **H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
- 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.
- 5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

PARR.

824

- 1 **T**HOU who hast known the careworn breast,
 The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
 Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
 And breathe around Thy perfect calm.
- 2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
 Gladness and hope without alloy;
 The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
 And gleamings of eternal joy.
- 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
 Peace be to you this evening hour;
 Then all the struggles of the day
 Vanish before Thy loving power.
- 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven!
 A little nearer every night!
 Christ to our earthly darkness given,
 Till in His glory there is light.

G. RAWSON.

825

87s.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal,
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe, for Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

THE SEASONS.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

EDMESTON.

826

98, 89.

- 1 **G**OD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arm unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before
you;
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN.

THE SEASONS.

827

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet!
The newborn life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad;

THE SEASONS.

- 2 The blesséd vernal airs to hail
In their renewing power,
The new song of each nightingale,
The new birth of each flower !
- 3 Divine Renewer ! Thee I bless ;
I greet Thy going forth :
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewéd earth.
- 4 But O, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine !
- 5 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true :
- 6 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair ;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer !
- 7 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine !
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine !
- 8 Grant me the grace of the new birth,
The joy of the new song !
The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth
In my new heart prolong !
- 9 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given !
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven !

T. H. GILL.

C.M. Double.

828

1 **T**HE spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love;
 And many a lay wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring;
 But this poor heart bears not its part,
 In it there is no spring.

2 Dews fall apace, the dews of grace,
 Upon this soul of sin;
 And love Divine delights to shine
 Upon the waste within:
 Yet year by year fruits, flowers, appear,
 And birds their praises sing;
 But this poor heart bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

3 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow;
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow!
 And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
 And the hills laugh and sing,
 Lord! make this heart to bear its part,
 And join the praise of spring!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

829

C.M.

1 **L**ORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
 And Thou hast sworn to hear;
 Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
 The fresh and fading year.

THE SEASONS.

- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee,
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth,
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

KEBLE.

830

Irregular.

- 1 **WE** plough the fertile meadows,
We sow the furrowed land;
But all the growth and increase
Are in God's mighty hand.
He gives the shower and sunshine
To swell the quickening grain,
The springing corn He blesses,
He clothes the golden plain.
Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name,
From whom all goodness flows.

THE SEASONS.

- 2 By Him all things were fashioned
 Around us and afar,
He formed the earth and ocean,
 He kindled every star.
His love ordained the seasons,
 By Him are all things fed :
He for the sparrow careth,
 He gives our daily bread.
Every bounteous blessing
 His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name,
 From whom all goodness flows.
- 3 All praise to Thee, great Father,
 Thou Giver of all good ;
Upon whose care dependeth
 Our life, and health, and food :
We bring our glad thanksgiving,
 Our gifts of love and praise ;
Be Thine our grateful service,
 The harvest of our days.
Every bounteous blessing
 His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name,
 From whom all goodness flows.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, *tr.* S. F. SMITH.

831

65.

- 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
 S Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.
- 2 Every thing rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

THE SEASONS.

3 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

4 Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

W. W. HOW.

832

7s. Eight lines.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own presence, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest-home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore,

THE SEASONS.

- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-home !
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide.
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

ALFORD.*

833

85, 83.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,—
Providence and love !
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above !
- 2 Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.
- 3 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious hand ;—
Smiling peace and welcome plenty,
O'er our land.
- 4 Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore !
Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
Yield their store.
- 5 Quickened unto life eternal,
Bear we heavenly fruit ;
Lest, if barren, He reject us
Branch and root.

THE SEASONS.

- 6 Now the Church of God in patience
 Waits her Harvest-home,
Till, with angels for His reapers,
 Christ shall come.
- 7 May we all be safely gathered,
 At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner,
 With the Lord :—
- 8 With the saints of far back ages,
 Crowns upon their brow :—
With the army of the martyrs,
 Conquerors now :—
- 9 With the flower of strength and beauty,
 Reaped before their time—
Smitten down by Death's sharp sickle,
 In their prime :—
- 10 With the sweet departed faces
 Missed these weary years :—
Given back in heavenly places,
 Past all fears.
- 11 Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
 Of the souls of men ;
When Christ's members here long scattered,
 Meet again.
- 12 Glory to the Lord of harvest !
 Holy Three in One !
To the Father, Son and Spirit,
 Praise be done !

J. HAMILTON.

834

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise :
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.
- 2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing :
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase :
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.
- 3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save :
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.
- 4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us " very good " ;
To Christ, who when we wandered
Restored us with His blood ;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blesséd dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

1 **WE** plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand,
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft, refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.
 No gifts have we to offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

THE SEASONS.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

M. CLAUDIUS, *tr.* JANE M. CAMPBELL.

836

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain,
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer,
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied,
By seed time and by harvest tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall Thine angels issue forth,
The trees be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayer be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need ;
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou our comfort, food, and stay.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.*

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

837

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 **L**AST Sunday of the work-day year,
How sweetly falls on heart and ear
That blessed name by which we know
That God, through all our weal and woe,
Is with us, and will ever make
Our cause His own, for Jesu's sake.
- 2 When toiling through this world of care,
Depressed in faith, and faint in prayer,
Distracted by life's sinful ways,
With baffled hopes and cloudy days.
What pledge in that one word is given
To weary earth of watchful heaven!
- 3 When on the losses, which have cast
Their shadow o'er the year that's past,
Or on the cares, whose trembling gloom
Is hanging o'er the year to come,
The troubled heart despondent dwells,
How, "God with us," all gloom dispels!
- 4 If God be with us, who hath power
To harm us in the weakest hour?
If God be with us, loss and pain,
Touched by His presence, turn to gain;
All clouds and darkness then will take
The hues of heaven for Jesu's sake!
- 5 Alas! that we should ever prove
Unthankful for such tender love;
Alas! that we, when God would thus
For ever be a God with us,
Should force Him from the gentle path,
To be far from us in His wrath.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

838

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand;
 The opening year Thy mercy shows,
 That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad
 Still are we guarded by our God;
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 Content with what Thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

DODDRIDGE.*

839

7s.

- 1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Constant through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness,
 Father, and Redeemer, hear!
- 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
 Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
 And, forgetting all the past,
 Press towards our glorious prize.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star :
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 5 Who of us death's awful road .
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

H. DOWNTON.

840

76, 76, Double.

- 1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene.
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die ;

710.

THE NEW YEAR.

A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face ;—
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

THE NEW YEAR.

C.M.

841

1 **B**REAK, New-born Year, on glad eyes
break !

Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2 The parted year had winged feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. GILL.

842

86, 86, 86.

- 1 I KNOW not what this year may bring,
Or what its end shall be;
But I can rest beneath Thy wing,
From doubt and danger free,
If Lord, I know in everything
Thy hand is leading me.
- 2 I know not if this speeding year
Shall mark my life's last stage;
Or many a season find me here
In long-drawn pilgrimage.
It matters not, if Thou art near
In childhood, youth, and age.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 3 It may be health's abounding tide
 Shall course through every vein;
Or else for me the future hide
 A heritage of pain;
To do or suffer, at Thy side,
 Shall be my equal gain.
- 4 Shall it be mine in future days
 The listening ear to thrill?
Or, far removed from earth's broad ways,
 Unnoticed tasks fulfil?
It shall be my sufficient praise
 To do my Father's will.
- 5 What though amid the favoured throng
 No place be mine to claim,
To know that I to Thee belong
 Is more than earthly fame;
And this shall make my life a song
 Of triumph through Thy Name.

WILLIAM H. GROSER.

843

555 11, Irregular.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Our home is not here,
We never can rest till the Master appear.
- 2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 3 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
 The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 4 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to
 do."

THE NEW YEAR.

- 5 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My
throne."

C. WESLEY.*

844

C.M

- 1 GOD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life Thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may Thy love, in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passion free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

845

- 1 **W**HAT marks the dawning of the year
From any other morn?
No festal garb doth nature wear
Because a year is born.
- 2 The sky is not more full of light,
The air more full of song,
And silent from the caves of night
Glide the gray hours along.
- 3 And I, to whose awakened eyes
So fair this morn appears,
How know I where to-morrow lies?
God grants not life by years.
- 4 Father! to-day upon my head
Thy hand in blessing lay;
Give us this day our daily bread,
Renew our hearts to-day.
- 5 Our Lord and Saviour! all we ask
Is that, through Thee, forgiven,
To us each day our daily task,
Our daily strength be given;
- 6 That when at last the trump of doom
Sends its long peal abroad,
We glad within Thy heavenly home,
May keep the Day of God.

MRS. CHARLES.

846

87s.

- 1 **J**OIN we brethren, faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again,
O'er another year departed,
Of our threescore years and ten!

THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled !
- 3 In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !
- 4 Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthened,
And hast blest our mortal span ;
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began !
- 5 Still when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at Thy feet and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word !
- 6 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace and vanquish sin !
- 7 Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour ! we will trust in Thee !

HENRY DOWNTON.

847

C.M.

- 1 THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears ;
- 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

- 3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness;
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
- 6 O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

LATIN, *tr.* HYMNS A. & M.

848

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 **S**TANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.
Onward then, and fear not, etc.
- 3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, and fear not, etc.
- 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise?
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward then, and fear not, etc.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

849

L.M.

- 1 **A** NOTHER year has now begun
With silent pace its course to run;
Our hearts and voices let us raise
To God, in songs of prayer and praise.

- 2 Father, Thy boundless love we bless,
For gifts and mercies numberless;
For life and health; for grace and peace,
And hopes of joys that never cease.
- 3 O Son of God, in faith and fear,
Teach us to walk as strangers here,
With hearts in heaven that we may come
To where Thou art, our Father's home.
- 4 Grant us, O Comforter, Thy grace,
And speed us on our earthly race,
In body, spirit, and in soul,
Right onward to the heavenly goal.
- 5 Blest Three in One, to Thee we pray;
Defend and guide us on our way;
That we at last with joy may see
The new year of eternity.

C. WORDSWORTH.*

850

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 JESUS, blesséd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
Oh, how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
Oh, how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blesséd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.
- 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!

THE NEW YEAR.

All our sins (so many !)
Saviour, Thou dost know ;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blesséd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go ;
So, we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
Jesus, blesséd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment
Of this glad New Year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blesséd Saviour,
Never need we fear ;
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

851

664, 6664.

1 **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The All-subduing Word,
Healer of strife :
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 O wisdom's great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain :
Help Thou dost not refrain—
Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song :
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS.

852

L.M.

- 1 **T**HERE was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting Jubilee.
- 2 O to have joined the rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
As He—the Man of grief—went by!
- 3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow:
The humble songs that we can sing
O! will He—can He—hear them now.
- 4 He can—He will—He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise:
Jesus, we come with trembling fear,
O teach our hearts and tongues to praise!
- 5 We join the hosts around Thy Throne,
Who once like us the desert trod—
And thus we make their song our own—
“Hosanna to the Son of God!”

T. RAWSON TAYLOR.

853

8s. Six lines.

- 1 **Y**E fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God.
- 2 We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign. But meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man, and love to God.
- 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear.
Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty and love to man and God.

E. R. CONDER.

854

775, 775.

- 1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear;
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.
- 2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer;
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 3 When He walked the fields He drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God :
For within His heart of Love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.
- 4 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life ;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.
- 5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love,
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

855

86, 84.

- 1 **W**HEN thro' life's dewy fields we go,
With flowers on ev'ry side,
Thou art our Father, and we know
Thou art our guide.
- 2 When some rough, thorny road we climb,
And hope has gone away,
Yet Thou art with us all the time,
By night and day.
- 3 When friends are near, when love burns bright,
And no dark shadows fall,
Then art Thou present in the light
That gladdens all.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 4 And when we try to do Thy will
With self and sin at strife,
Lord, in that fight with deadly ill,
Be Thou our life !
- 5 When sorrow bids us stand apart,
And death is at the door,
Then draw us yet more near Thy heart,
For evermore !

ANNIE MATHESON.

856

8886.

- 1 GOD speaks to us in bird and song ;
G In winds that drift the clouds along ;
Above the din of toil and wrong,—
A melody of love.
- 2 God speaks to us in far and near ;
In peace of home and friends most dear ;
From the dim past, and present clear,
A melody of love.
- 3 God speaks to us in darkest night ;
By quiet ways through mornings bright,
When shadows fall with evening light,
A melody of love.
- 4 God speaks to us in every land,
On wave-lapp'd shore and silent strand ;
By kiss of child, and touch of hand,
A melody of love.
- 5 O voice Divine, speak Thou to me !
Beyond the earth, beyond the sea ;
First let me hear, then sing to Thee
A melody of love.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.
 Teach me, I am not my own,
 I am Thine and Thine alone ;
 Thine to keep, to rule, to save
 From all sin that would enslave.
- 2 With a child's glad heart of love,
 At Thy bidding may I move ;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.
 Though Thy will should cross my own,
 May it instantly be done ;
 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe.
- 3 Thine, Lord, was a bitter cup,
 Thou didst meekly drink it up ;
 Thou, the Father's only Son,
 Ever saidst, Thy will be done.
 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him who so loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.
 Though a foolish child and weak,
 More than this I need not seek :
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON.

1 **G**OD, who hath made the daisies,
 And ev'ry lovely thing,
 He will accept our praises,
 And hearken while we sing,
 He says though we are simple,
 Though ignorant we be,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

2 Though we are young and simple,
 In praise we may be bold;
 The children in the temple
 He heard in days of old.
 And if our hearts are humble,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
 Its ways o'er earth and sky;
 He hears the lark that singeth
 Up in the heaven so high;
 But sees the heart's low breathings,
 And says (well pleased to see),
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
 And solemnly we'll sing;
 No cause to shrink or fear Him,
 We'll make our voices ring;
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

E. P. HOOD.

859

76, 76.

- 1 **L**OOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
To the heavenly places.
- 2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love,
With a love most lowly.
- 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.
- 4 Every day more gratefully
Kindnesses receiving,
Every day more readily
Injuries forgiving.
- 5 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.
- 6 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

MARY BUTLER

860

87; 87.

- 1 **W**E are only little workers,
Yet we fain would do Thy will;
So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us
Lowly duties to fulfil.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 Little souls perchance may brighten
Lives that sorrow, care, and sin,
Darken, till hope's blessed sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.
- 3 Little feet are never weary,
Little hearts are seldom sad;
So we ask that Thou wouldst teach us
How to make grown people glad.
- 4 We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say:
Some sweet message fresh from heaven
Lay upon our lips to-day.
- 5 Thou hast taught us, dearest Saviour,
That e'en whispered words can fly
Straight above the clouds of heaven,
And be heard by Thee on high.
- 6 Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
"God is listening still to answer
Those who watch and wait below."
- 7 Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength.

A. MARRYAT.

861

76, 76, Double.

- 1 **T**HE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.
- 3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

862

87, 87.

- 1 **G**RANT us, O our Heavenly Father,
Now in these our early days,
Thee in all things to remember,
Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.
- 2 Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.
- 3 Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move
Through the world, unharmed,—rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love:—
- 4 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

- 5 Serving Thee, our Heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning,—
Till our work on earth is done :—
- 6 Till the shadows of the evening
Shall for ever pass away,
And the Resurrection-morning
Kindle into perfect day.

G. THRING.

863

C.M.

- 1 GOD make my life a little light
G Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.
- 3 God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.
- 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

864

- 1 **J**ESUS, the children are calling,
Oh, draw near!
Fold the young lambs in Thy Bosom,
Shepherd dear.
- 2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!
- 3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is Thine;
Faithful and stronger and tender—
So be mine!
- 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.
- 5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!
- 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
Bountiful God of our Fathers,
Praise be done!

ANNIE MATHESON.

865

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks, may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.
- 3 Thy Word is like a starry host :
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.
- 4 Thy Word is like a glorious Choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.
- 5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.
- 6 O, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine !
- 7 Oh, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
- The battle of the Lord.

E. HODDER.

866

75, 75, 77.

- 1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night :
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.
- 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.
- 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him:
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.
- 5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

867

76, 76.

- 1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.
- 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brighten up the sky,
- 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.
- 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play;
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;
- 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

868

85, 85.

- 1 **W**HERE is Jesus, little children?
Is He up in heaven?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given?
- 2 Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He in a book?
Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look?
- 3 Where is Jesus, little children?
With us evermore;
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 4 Jesus is a lovely Spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind ;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.
- 5 Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
'These reveal the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.
- 6 Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home ;
Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
And has bid Him come.
- 7 Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling,
Come with us to live,
And to each and all our doings
Thy dear beauty give.

B. WAUGH.

869

L.M.

- 1 **W**E are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesu's sake,
Who is so high and good and great ?
- 2 Oh ! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesu's sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesu's sake.
- 6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesu's sake.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

870

7777.

- 1 **F**ATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. HOPPS.

871

C.M.

- 1 I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.
- 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the paths of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.
- 3 I love to think that He who spake,
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.
- 4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh, in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me!

E PAXTON HOOD.

872

Irregular.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His
fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

- 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

JEMIMA LUKE.

873

7s.

- 1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the Kingdom of Thy grace.
- 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.
- 5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God, my Heavenly Father's, will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.
- 7 Loving Jesus, Gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.
- 8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. WESLEY.

874

7776

- 1 **B**E Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 4 May we grow, from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 6 May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 Jesu, from thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 10 Jesu, whom we hope to see,
Calling us to come to Thee,
Happy evermore with Thee,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. POLLOCK.

875

7776.

- 1 JESU, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Little lambs may come to Thee;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell;
Little hymns Thy praises swell,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Fold us to Thy loving breast,
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. POLLOCK.

876

65, Twelve lines.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high;
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.
- 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure and meek and mild,
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.
- 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour:
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.
- 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, etc.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

S.M.

877

- 1 **F**AIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.
- 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."
- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers :
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
- 6 In wisdom let us grow
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

GURNEY.

878

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart
And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-wingéd zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O! not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O! not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!
- 5 O! choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart!
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
O! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

T. H. GILL.

879

L.M.

- 1 **H**E liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
- 2 He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of right things rightly done each day.
- 3 Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Improve the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

880

76, 86, 86, 86.

- 1 **W**E thank our God and Saviour,
For all His mercies given;
Which help to make our life a joy,
And guide our feet to heaven.
His bounteous hands our wants supply
With never-failing love,
And all who on His help rely
His best of blessings prove.

- 2 We thank our God and Saviour,
Who gives us everything,
Who sends the sunshine and the showers
And makes rich harvests spring.
He clothes the lilies of the field,
He feeds each bird and beast,
And all may share His tender care,
The greatest and the least.

- 3 We thank our God and Saviour,
Whose holy word of truth
Still bids us trust His providence,
Who guards us in our youth.
His love will nothing good withhold,
'Twill shield from every ill;
O may we praise Him all our days,
And do His holy will.

881

87, 87, 47.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.

May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see;
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we Thy children be.

- 3 When temptation shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us;
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou then our rock and stay.

- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

882

76, 76.

- 1 **O** COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way,
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

- 2 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 3 Remember thy Creator
Now in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
- 4 Remember thy Creator;
He calls in tones of love,
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.
- 5 And in the hour of sadness
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
- 6 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.
-

GENERAL CHARITIES.

883

8884.

-
- 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen Thou art there,
Giver of all!
- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all!
- 7 We *lose* what on ourselves we spend,
We *have* as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly we will give to Thee,
Giver of all!
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all!

C. WORDSWORTH.

884

7a.

- 1 JESUS, poorest of the poor!
Man of sorrows! Child of grief!
Happy they whose bounteous store
Ministered to Thy relief.
- 2 Jesus, though Thy head is crowned,
Crowned with loftiest majesty,
In Thy members Thou art found,
Plunged in deepest poverty.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 3 Happy they who wash Thy feet,
Visit Thee in Thy distress!
Honour great, and labour sweet,
For Thy sake the saints to bless!
- 4 They who feed Thy sick and faint,
For Thyself a banquet find;
They who clothe the naked saint
Round Thy loins the raiment bind.
- 5 Thou wilt keep their soul alive,
From their foes protect their head;
Languishing, their strength revive,
And in sickness make their bed.
- 6 Thou wilt deeds of love repay;
Grace shall generous hearts reward,
Here on earth, and in the day
When they meet their reigning Lord.

C. H. SPURGEON.

885

8886.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
- 2 And Thou, who cam'st on earth to die
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy Blood hast bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought,
May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

G. THRING.

886

C.M. Double.

- 1 **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save:
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of Light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be Thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

887

76s. Double.

- 1 CHRIST, incarnate in His poor,
 Oft in deep dejection,
 Stands unnoticed at the door,
 Trying our affection :
 O, we think, what costly love,
 Were He here, we'd show Him,
 Yet neglectful of Him prove,
 For we do not know Him.
- 2 When the sick prefer their prayer,
 O, what wretched blindness,
 Not to see the Saviour there,
 Asking us for kindness :
 Not to hear His voice intreat,
 Pleading pain or danger,
 Not to see Him in the street,
 Naked or a stranger.
- 3 Let the rich His love declare,
 Since He stoops to need them ;
 Let the poor their sorrows bear
 Gently, since He'll plead them.
 Evermore His praise shall be
 Offered deep and endless ;
 The poor commits himself to Thee,
 Thou Helper of the friendless.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

888

S.M.

- 1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be,
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee :

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 And hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angel's work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.
- 7 To Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom we unseen adore,
The true and living God alone,
Be glory evermore.

W. W. HOW.

889

C.M.

- 1 **F**ROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
Oh, pour them from above!
- 2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

- 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace :
- 4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

C. KINGSLEY.

890

L.M.

- 1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid,
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.
- 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.
- 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure,
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.
- 4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.
- 5 O heal the bruised heart within;
O save our souls all sick with pain;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore !

W. W. HOW.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

891

L.M.

- 1 **T**HIS stone to Thee in faith we lay :
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee :
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King !
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide—no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

MONTGOMERY.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A PLACE OF
WORSHIP.

892

C.M.

- 1 **L**IGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.
- 2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.
- 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.
- 4 No rushing, mighty wind we ask;
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.
- 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above.

HARRIS.

893

L.M.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A PLACE OF
WORSHIP.

- 3 These walls we to Thine honour raise :
Long may they echo with Thy praise ;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

894

C.M.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease ;
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

895

- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Behold ! at Thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 5 Lord, we are sure that Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

COWPER.*

ON BEHALF OF THOSE AT SEA.

896

L.M. Six lines.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

MARRIAGE.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING.

MARRIAGE.

897

87s. Double.

1 LORD and Father of creation,
L From Thy heavenly throne above,
Make Thy face to shine upon them,
Deign to bless their plighted love.
With Thy peace, Thy strength, Thy gladness,
Bless the bridegroom and the bride,
Through the years that lie before them
Let Thy light their footsteps guide.

MARRIAGE.

- 2 To the bride, beyond her beauty,
Give her still Thy grace to know :
To the bridegroom, for her portion,
On her heavenly gifts bestow.
So their bridal gifts shall never
Fade, as earthly things decay,
But the bride and bridegroom ever
Dwell with Thee in endless day.

CARPENTER.*

898

76s.

- 1 **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;
- 4 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 5 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward through life's journey
The hallowed path they trace,

MARRIAGE.

- 6 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

J. KEBLE.

899

76, 76, 76, 76.

- 1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height !
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light :
O Love divine and gentle,
The Blessor and the blest !
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
- 2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing,
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.
- 3 Bless Thou those hands united ;
Bless Thou these hearts made one ;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on :
Here in earth's home preparing
For brighter scenes above ;
And there for ever sharing
Thy home of perfect love.

J. S. B. MONSELI.*

NATIONAL HYMNS.

900

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land ;—
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell ;
Our children too ;—how should we love
Another land so well !
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless :
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion pure and mild,
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

WREFORD.

901

664, 6664.

- 1 **G**OD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee alone we cry—
God save the State!

J. S. DWIGHT.

902

664, 6664.

- 1 **G**OD bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.
- 2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord! preserve our King;
Long may He reign.
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

3 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle.
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind Heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone,
 But be Thy mercies known
 From shore to shore.
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er.

W. E. HICKSON.

903

664, 6664.

1 GOD bless our native land :
 G Her strength and glory stand
 Ever in Thee !
 Her faith and laws be pure,
 Her throne and hearths secure ;
 And let her name endure—
 Home of the free.

2 God guard our sea-girt land,
 And save by Thy right hand
 From all her foes ;
 The reign of peace prolong,
 Till freedom's rising song
 Loud tells the end of wrong
 And nature's throes !

765

3 God smile upon our land,
 And countless as the sand
 Her blessings be !
 Arise, O Lord, Most High !
 And call her children nigh,
 Till heart and voice reply—
 Glory to Thee.

904

888888.

- 1 **G**OD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- 2 The tumult and the shouting dies :
 The captains and the kings depart :
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 A humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- 3 Far-called, our navies melt away :
 On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
- 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

NATIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube or iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

905

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD, who holdest in Thy hand
The islands of the sea;
Whose bounty makes our native land
So glorious, great, and free.
- 2 We bless Thee for Thy guardian care,
Who dost our foes restrain,
And for the freedom, large and fair,
Our fathers died to gain.
- 3 Now bend our hearts to Thy command;
And grant us wisdom true,
To know the times, and understand
What Britain ought to do.
- 4 The heat of party strife abate,
And teach us how to choose
Good men and wise to guide the State—
The evil to refuse.
- 5 Let all our chosen rulers hail
The kingdom of Thy Son,
And strive that virtue may prevail,
That justice may be done:
- 6 That so the land Thou deign'st to bless
May flourish, all our days,
In freedom, peace, and righteousness;
And Thine shall be the praise.

T. G. CRIPPEN.

906

Irregular.

1 **N**OW pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free.

2 Who blesséth her is blessed,
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls.

A. C. COXE.

907

87, Double.

1 **O**NCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame or profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
And the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

New occasions teach new duties :
Time makes ancient good uncouth :
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

- 4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong :
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

908

L.M.

- 1 **T**HESSE things shall be ! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
- 2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
 And mightier music thrill the skies,
 And every life shall be a song,
 When all the earth is paradise.

J. A. SYMONDS.

909

87, Double

- 1 **C**OURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Though the road be long and dreary,
 And its ending out of sight:
 Foot it bravely—strong or weary:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 2 Trust no party, church, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight,
 But in every word and action,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 3 Trust no forms of guilty passion—
 Fiends can look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward light,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

N. MACLEOD.

910

76, 76, 8885.

- 1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day.
 God save the people!
- 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 “No,” say Thy mountains; “No,” Thy skies;
 Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs.
 God save the people!
- 3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men;
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

E. ELLIOTT.

911

87, Double.

- 1 **L**IFT thy song above the nations,
 England, of the Lord beloved;
 Sing the grace for generations
 That hath kept thy lamp unmoved;
 Sing how vainly hosts assembled
 ’Gainst the isle of His delight;
 Sing how tyrants turned and trembled
 When His arm upheld thy right!

NATIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 Sing how He, the Lord, hath brought thee
Onward still from height to height,
How the heavenly lustre sought thee,
Ere it made the world more bright.
Let the freedom long-descended
Gloriously uplift thy voice—
In the good old cause defended
By thy men of might, rejoice !
- 3 Sing how He His England crownéd
When He loosed the yoke of Rome ;
Sing how He His truth enthronéd
In this consecrated home ;
How He trusts thee with the treasure
Of His word to send it forth ;
Mightily fulfil His pleasure ;
Send His word o'er all the earth !
- 4 Sing, how gleamed His sword victorious,
In the hands of heroes thine ;
How His fire more sweetly glorious
Streaméd from thy souls divine !
Let no marvel of thy story
Lose its place amidst the praise !
Praise Him for thine olden glory !
Praise Him for these latter days !
- 5 Sing how freedom's fire abideth
Where it first did burn and shine ;
How for thee, the Lord provideth
Boundless realms and tasks divine !
Costly gifts of old thou broughtest,
Holy songs thou once didst bring ;
Seek the Lord, as once thou soughtest ;
Mighty serve and mighty sing !

T. H. GILL.

L.M.

912

- 1 **S**ILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.
- 2 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win :
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.
- 3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight :
- 4 No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.
- 5 What though with weariness oppressed ?
'Tis but a little, and we rest :
Finished the toil,—the race is run ;
The battle fought—the field is won.

H. BONAR.

913

C.M. Double.

- 1 **G**REAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine ;
O turn us not away ;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confessions meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. GURNEY.

914

C.M.

1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in Thy presence stand,
To intercede with prayer sincere
For this our sinful land.

2 Oh, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before Thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The churches' and our own.

3 Great God of hosts, deliverance bring;
Guide those who hold the helm;
Support the State, preserve the King,
And spare the guilty realm.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

4 Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

HART.*

915

L.M.

- 1 O GOD of love! O King of peace!
Make wars throughout the world to
cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again!
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again!
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again!

SIR H. W. BAKER.

916

fF. 0 COME, let us sing | unto . the | Lord :
let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | -vation.

F. 2 Let us come before his présence with |
thanks- | -giving : and shéw ourselves |
glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lórd is a | great | God : and a
gréat | King a- | -bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the |
earth : and the stréngth of the | hills is |
his | also.

2nd part. 5 The sea is his and | he | made it : and his
hánds pre- | -pared . the | dry | land.

mf 6 O come, let us wórship and | fall | down :
and knéel be- | -fore the | Lord our |
Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God : and we
are the people of his pasture * ánd the |
sheep of | his | hand.

8 To-day if ye will hear his voice * hárden |
not your | hearts : as in the provocation *
and as in the dáy of tempt- | -ation | in
the | wilderness ;

9 When your fáthers | tempted | me :
provéd | me and | saw my | works.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with this
gener- | -ation . and | said : It is a people
that do err in their hearts * fór they |
have not | known my | ways ;

11 Unto whom I swáre | in my | wrath : that
they shóuld not | enter | into . my | rest.

TE DEUM.

f F. Glory be to the Fátther, | and . to the |
Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F. As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

TE DEUM.

917

f F. **W**E práise | thee O | God : we acknów-
ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

F. 2 All the éarth doth | worship | thee : thé |
Father | ever- | -lasting.

3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a- | -loud : the
Héavens, and | all the | Powers there- |
in.

4 To thee Chérubin and | Seraph- | -in :
cón- | tinual- | -ly do | cry,

p 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of |
Saba- | -oth ;

f 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes- |
ty : óf | thy | Glo- | -ry.

7 The glorious cómpany | of . the A - |
postles : práise | — | — | thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets :
praise | — | — | thee.

2nd part. 9 The nóble | army . of | Martyrs : práise |
— | — | thee.

10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the |
world : dóth ac- | -know- | -ledge | thee ;

11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite |
Majes- | -ty ;

- 12 Thine hónor- | -able | true : ánd | on- |
— -ly | Son ;
- 13 A'lso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com- |
fort- | -er.
- 14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O' | — |
— | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | — |
the | Fa- | -ther.
- mf* 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de- |
liver | man : thou didst nó ab- | -hor
the | Virgin's | womb.
- 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharp-
ness . of | death : thou didst open the
Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be - |
lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God :
ín the | Glory | of the | Father.
- p* 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come : to |
be | our | Judge.
- 20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | ser-
vants : whom thou hast redéemed | with
thy | precious | blood.
- cres.* 21 Make them to be númered | with thy :
Saints : ín | glory | ever- | -lasting.
- 22 O Lórd | save thy | people : ánd | bless
thine | herit- | -age.
- 23 Góv- | — -ern | them : ánd | lift them |
up for | ever.
- f F.* 24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | fy | thee ;
- F.* 25 A'nd we | worship . thy | Name : éver |
world with- | -out | end.

BLESSED BE THE LORD.

mf 26 Vóuch- | -safe O | Lord : to kéepe us this |
day with- | -out | sin.

27 O Lórd have | mercy . up - | - on us :
háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.

28 O Lord let thy mércy | lighten . up- | -on
us : ás our | trust | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in thée | have I | trusted : lét
me | never | be con- | -founded.

918

mfF. BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel;
for he hath vísited | and re- | -deemed .
his | people;

F. 2 And hath raised up a míghty sal- | -vation |
for us : in the hóuse | of his | servant |
David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy |
Prophets : which have béeen | since the |
world be- | -gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our |
enemies : and fróm the | hands of | all
that | hate us;

5 To perform the mercy prómised | to our |
forefathers : ánd to re- | -member . his |
holy | Covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to
our fórefather | Abra- | -ham : thát | he
would | give | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd |
of our | enemies : might sérve | him
with- | -out | fear;

O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.

- 8 In holiness and righteous- | -ness be- | -fore
him : áll the | days | of our | life.
- 9 And thou Child shalt be called the
Próphet | of the | Highest : for thou
shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to
pre- | -pare his | ways ;
- 10 To give knowledge of salvátiön | unto .
his | people : fór the re- | -mission | of
their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God :
whereby the day-spring fróm on | high
hath | visited | us ;
- 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness*
and ín the | shadow . of | death : and to
guide our féet | into the | way of | peace.
- fF.* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the |
Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- F.* As it was in the beginniñg* is nów, and |
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

919

- fF.* **O** BE joyful in the Lórd | all ye | lands :
serve the Lórd with gladness* and come
befóre his | presence | with a | song.
- F.* 2 Be ye sure that the Lórd | he is | God : it
is he that hath made us and not we our-
selves* we are his people, ánd the | sheep
of | his | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into his gates with thanks-
giving* and ínto his | courts with | praise:
be thankful unto him, and | speak good |
of his | Name.

mf 4 For the Lord is gracious * his mércy is |
ever- | -lasting : and his truth endureth
from géner- | -ation . to | gener- | -ation.

fF. Glory be to the Fátther, | and . to the |
Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F. As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

920

fF. CHRIST our passover is sácri - | - ficed .
C for | us : thérefore | let us | keep the |
feast.

F. 2 Not with the old leaven * nor with the
léaven of | malice . and | wickedness : but
with the unleavened bréad of sin - |
ceri- | -ty and | truth. I Cor. v. 7.

3 CHRIST being raised from the déad | dieth.
no | more : death hath nó more do - |
minion | over | him.

p 4 For in that he died * he díed unto | sin |
once : *f* but in that he líveth he | liveth |
unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be
déad indeed | unto | sin : but alive unto
Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
Rom. vi. 9.

6 CHRIST is risen | from the | dead : and
becóme the | first . fruits of | them that |
slept.

7 For sínce by | man came | death : by man
came also the résur- | -rection | of the |
dead.

MAGNIFICAT.

p 8 For as in A'dam | all | die : even so in
 Christ, *f* shall | all be | made a- | -live.
 1 Cor. xv. 20.

fF. Glory be to the Fátther, | and . to the | Son :
 and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F. As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
 ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
 A- | -men.

MAGNIFICAT.

921

mf F. **M**Y soul doth mágni- | -fy the | Lord :
 and my spirit háth re- | -joiced . in |
 God my | Saviour.

F. 2 For hé | hath re - | -garded : the lówli-
 ness | of his | hand- | -maiden.

3 Fór be - | -hold from | henceforth : áll
 gener- | -ations . shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is míghty hath | magnified |
 me : *p* and | holy | is his | Name.

2nd part. 5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear
 him : throughóut | all | gener- | -ations.

f 6 He hath shewed stréngth | with his | arm :
 he hath scattered the proud in the
 imágin- | -ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from
 their | seat : and háth ex- | -alted . the |
 humble . and | meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good |
 things : and the rích he hath | sent |
 empty . a- | -way.

mf 9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpén
his | servant | Israel : as he promised to
our forefathers * A'braham | and his | seed
for | ever.

f F. Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son :
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F. As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

922

f F. 0 SING unto the Lórd a | new | song :
for hé hath | done | marvellous | things.

F. 2 With his own right hand * and wíth his |
holy | arm : háth he | gotten . him- | -self
the | victory.

3 The Lórd decláred | his sal- | -vation : his
righteousness hath he openly shéwed in
the | sight | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth,
tóward the | house of | Israel : and all
the ends of the world have séen the sal- |
vation | of our | God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all
ye | lands : síng, re- | -joice and | give |
thanks.

6 Praise the Lórd up- | -on the | harp : sing
to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks- |
giving.

7 With trúmpets | also and | shawms : O
shew yourselves jóyful be- | -fore the |
Lord the | King.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

- 8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that |
therein | is : the round wórld, and | they
that | dwell there- | -in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the
hills be joyful together be- | -fore the |
Lórd : fór he | cometh . to | judge the |
earth.
- 10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the |
world : ánd the | people | with | equity.
- f F.* Glory be to the Fátther, | and . to the | Son:
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- F.* As it was in the beginning * is nów,
and | ever | sháll be : wórld without |
end. | A- | -men.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

923

- mp F.* **L**ORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de- |
part in | peace : ác- | -cording | to
thy | word.
- 2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen : thy' | —sal- |
va- | tion,
- 3 Which thóu | hast pre- | -pared : befóre
the | face of | all | people ;
- 4 To be a light to | lighten . the | Gentiles :
and to be the glóry | of thy | people |
Isráel.
- f F.* Glory be to the Fátther, | and . to the |
Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- F.* As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
ever | sháll be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

924

mf *F.* **G**OD be merciful unto | us and | bless us :
and shew us the light of his countenance * ánd be | merciful | unto | us.

F. 2 That thy wáy may be | known up . on |
earth : thy sáving | health a- | -mong
all | nations.

F. 3 Let the people práise | thee O | God : yeá
let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad :
for thou shalt judge the folk righteously *
and góvern the | nations . up- | -on |
earth.

F. 5 Let the people práise | thee O | God :
yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her |
increase : and God, even our own Gód,
shall | give | us his | blessing.

2nd
part. 7 Gód | shall | bless us : and all the énds
of the | world shall | fear | him.

f *F.* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the |
Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F. As it was in the beginning * is nów, and |
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. |
A- | -men.

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